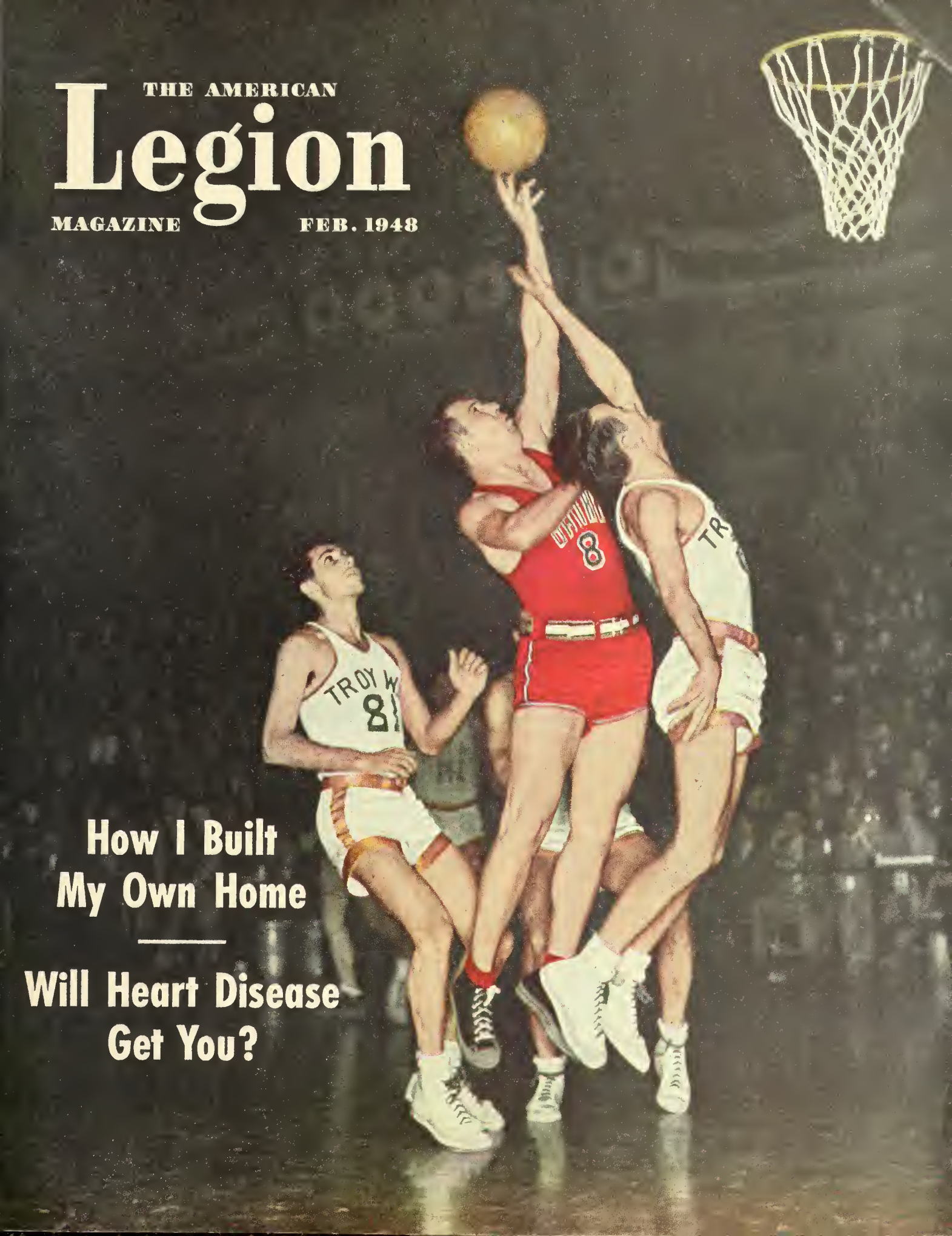
THE AMERICAN
Legion
MAGAZINE FEB. 1948



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Will Heart Disease Get You?

THE PEAK . . .

Yes, the pre-war quality of Seagram's 7 Crown rises to the very peak of smooth taste perfection !!!!!!!

P. S. Try it . . . and you, too, will agree that it rates every one of those seven exclamation points.

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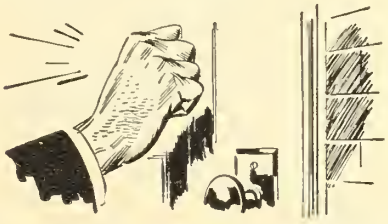
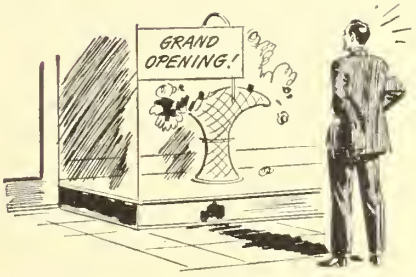
What's your son going to do when he grows up?

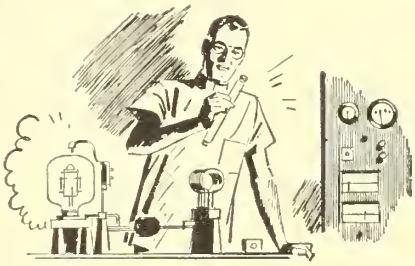
1. Nowhere else in the world would your boy be as free to choose almost any line of work he wants to do when he grows up—and to fit himself by education and training for the life he wants. In America, there's no law to limit a lad's chances.



2. Of equal importance to that freedom is the *opportunity* that lies ahead for your boy. Opportunity to climb to a top job—or to go into business for himself. In countries where business is run by the government, people must work where, when, and how they're told.



4. If he goes into business for himself, your boy will soon learn that opportunity is a two-way deal. Only as his workers and his customers benefit will his business be able to grow and prosper.



6. So whether your boy works for himself or for someone else, business profits will always play a big part in his welfare—because the reasonable profits earned by industry pay for the research and expansion that bring more jobs, more security, and better living for everyone.

3. As an employee, your son will have the right to change his job any time he sees a chance for advancement. As an employer, he'll have the opportunity to build as big a business as he's able.

5. He'll also learn the importance of sound management—if his firm is going to earn the reasonable profits it must make in order to stay in business. For profits are the very backbone of American progress . . . the best guarantee of opportunity for your son.

Most Americans *say they think 10 to 15 cents out of each dollar of sales would be a fair profit for business to make. Government figures show that industry averages less than half that much profit!*

And about half of that is plowed back by industry to pay for the progress and development that give Americans more good things than any other people on earth!

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FIRST IN ELASTIC SUPPORTS

VOL. 44 **NO. 2**

THE AMERICAN **Legion** MAGAZINE

FEB. 1948

Please notify the Circulation Department, Publication Division, Post Office Box 1055, Indianapolis, Indiana, if you have changed your address. Be sure to give your 1948 membership card number and both your new and your old address.

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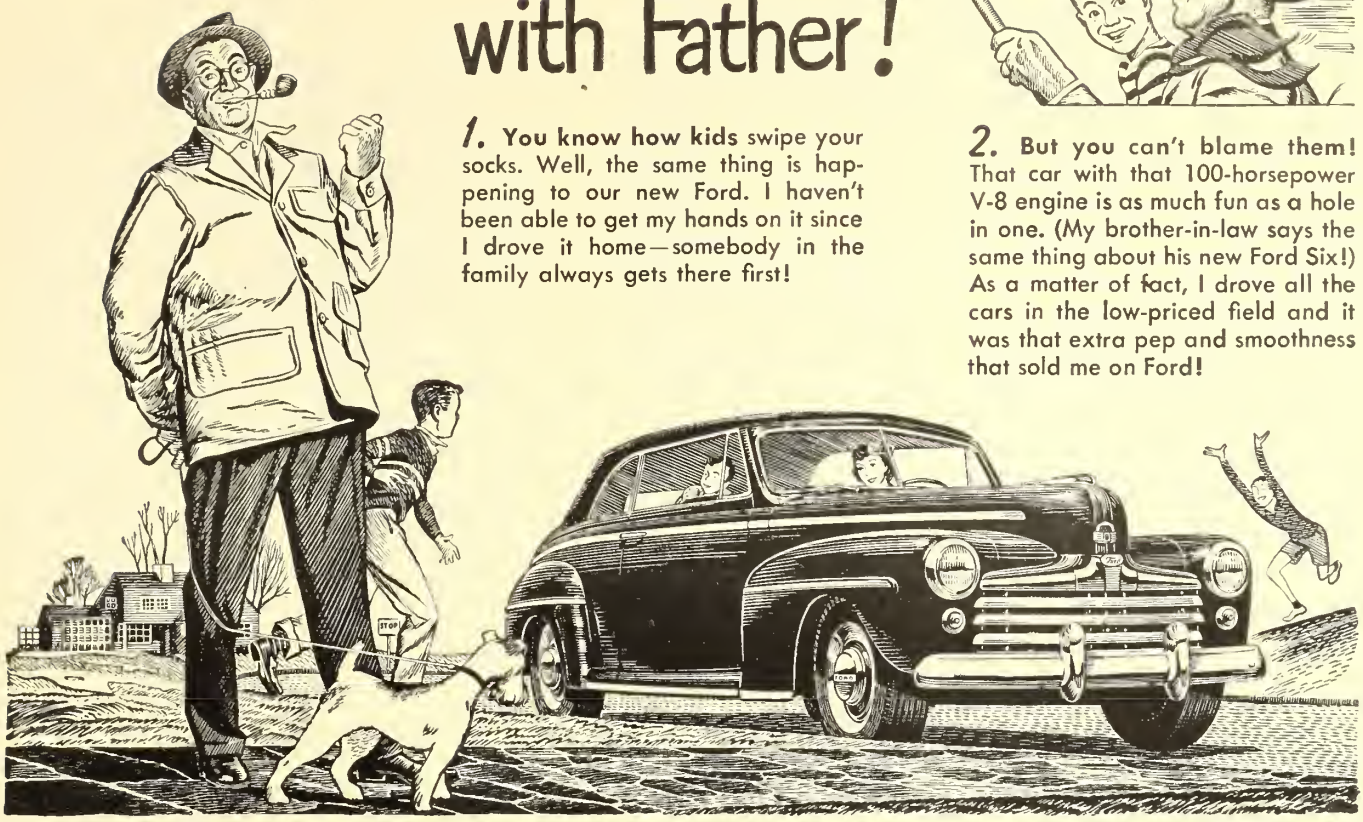
The Editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage is enclosed. Names of characters in our fiction and semi-fiction articles that deal with types are fictitious. Use of the name of any person living or dead is pure coincidence.

Ford's out Front with Father!

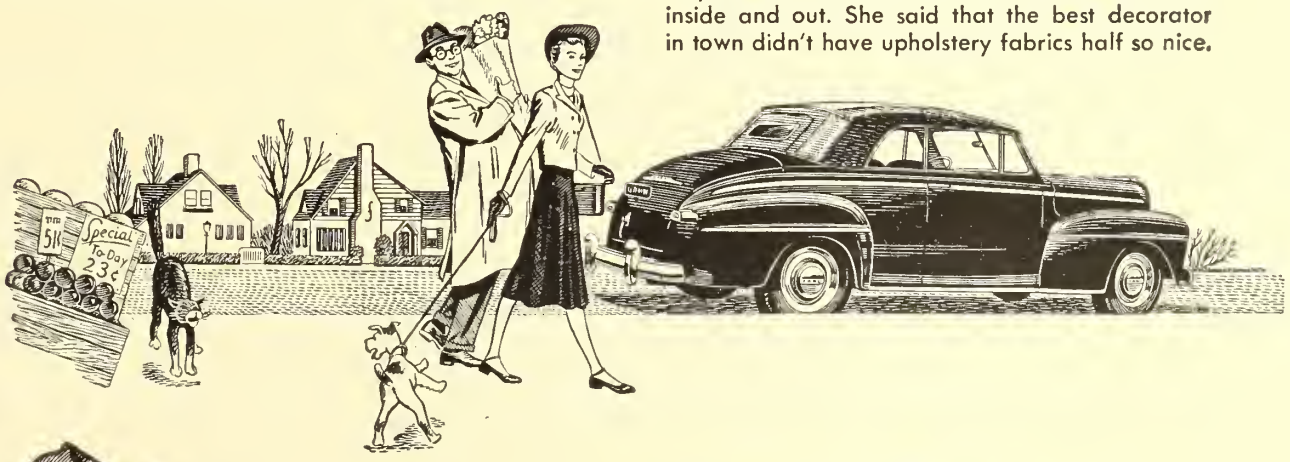
1. You know how kids swipe your socks. Well, the same thing is happening to our new Ford. I haven't been able to get my hands on it since I drove it home—somebody in the family always gets there first!

2. But you can't blame them! That car with that 100-horsepower V-8 engine is as much fun as a hole in one. (My brother-in-law says the same thing about his new Ford Six!) As a matter of fact, I drove all the cars in the low-priced field and it was that extra pep and smoothness that sold me on Ford!



3. Another thing I like is the way the car stops when you put on the brakes. My boy says it's because Ford brakes are self-centering and that the entire braking effort is distributed evenly over the lining. Imagine him explaining that to me—me an engineer!

4. Now my wife tells me she likes the way the Ford parks and she ought to know because she drives over to the village every day. And, by the way, she raves about the looks of the car, too, inside and out. She said that the best decorator in town didn't have upholstery fabrics half so nice.



5. Yes—from all the "build-up" the family gives me about our new Ford you'd think they were trying to sell me another. But they'd be a lot smarter if they let me really drive this one first.

There's a Ford in your future

Listen to the Ford Theater over NBC stations Sunday afternoon 5:00 to 6:00 P.M. E.S.T.

"There are great opportunities here!"

WHEN a young man seeks your counsel in planning a career, you will do well to point out the superb opportunities offered by the new Regular Army. They are opportunities available nowhere else on earth.

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• Men who prove themselves in basic training can go to the unique "Leadership Schools" where they learn leadership qualities so much in demand today. They may also qualify for entrance to Officer Candidate School or even West Point.

• In the new Army, travel is a broadening experience. Veterans who sign up for three years or more may select their duty station — Europe, the Far East or here in the U. S. Even non-veterans may choose assignment to one of five famous fighting divisions in Japan or Korea.

WITH all these opportunities go many others — a chance to earn a high school diploma or win credits for a college degree . . . highest pay in history, virtually all of it clear . . excellent food and quarters . . . the companionship of first-class men.

U. S. ARMY AND U. S. AIR FORCE RECRUITING SERVICE

The Editors' Corner

Taboo

Will Heart Disease Get You? is the title of an article on page 20 of this issue which violates a general taboo in all magazines against presenting a discouraging view of incurable disease.

We anticipate mail accusing us of spreading alarming propaganda, and to forestall that mail we admit the charge right now. The article was deliberately planned and written to help the American Heart Association in its appeals for public financial support with which to combat heart disease and to assist heart patients.

During the month of February you may see a plastic heart on the counter of your drug store. It will be a receptacle for voluntary contributions to the work of the American Heart Association. *Will Heart Disease Get You?* tells what this work may mean to you and your children.

However, it is not our purpose to conduct the campaign for the AHA, nor to urge Legionnaires to contribute. It is merely our thought to present the case and let you be the judge. If you're sold on the idea let's not keep it in the Legion family—show the article to your neighbors.

The American Legion has already given $50,000 to the American Heart Association, which needs much more than that. This article is another way in which the Legion is helping the AHA. If the article frightens any of our readers we are sorry—but the truth about heart disease has been too long withheld from public view. Although secrecy about such a dreadful subject is in good taste, that very secrecy has been killing people.

Gadgets

We began our new department, *Previews of Products, Inventions, Ideas,* (page 6) on these pages early last fall. The idea is to show our readers eight or ten new gadgets each month which our Gadget Editor thinks will interest them.

But to contributors to the column it's a chance for a free ad. And so our Gadget Editor gets a lot of help. Literally hundreds of firms, individuals, Legionnaires send in descriptions of their gadgets or the gadgets themselves—and they frequently enclose letters which implore, persuade, wheedle or threaten the Gadget Editor to whatever extent the contributor thinks is necessary to assure he'll get space.

Our Gadget Editor hopes they keep coming just so long as the implorers and the threateners realize he uses ten or less out of hundreds each month and selects them solely on the basis of how universally interesting they seem.

The selection is tough, for more of the what-nots are interesting than otherwise. Just this morning, for instance, there came a package containing a sample of a holster for totin' a smoking pipe on your belt—and a fellow came in the office with literature describing his double-barrelled pipe. Teen-aged males may soon strut through high-school corridors packin' two double-barrelled pipes in their holsters. The morning's mail also included a package containing a metal clip to keep windows from wiggling.

Another letter described a coat-hanging rod for an auto, large enough to serve dry-cleaning delivery trucks. An insect electrocutor was another item. Add an egg sheller for shelling hard-boiled eggs. And a large concern notified the Gadget Editor that it can now make a sow's ear out of a silk purse.

The Struggle in Greece

LAST SPRING Dwight Griswold was named to head the American Mission for Aid to Greece. Griswold is a three-time Governor of Nebraska and a Past Department Commander of the Legion. His staff in Greece has included some other long-time leaders in the Legion, including Roy Cochrane, six-star Legionnaire and also a three-time Governor of Nebraska; Judge Earl L. Meyer, of Alliance, Nebraska, who has been for over five years a member of the Legion's Publications Commission, and Past National Vice Commander Phil Conley, of Charleston, West Virginia.

These men have been seeing, first-hand, some of the turmoil in Greece which you have been reading about in your newspapers. In this issue we are able to give all Legionnaires an inside story of what has been happening in that unhappy birthplace of Western Democracy. Our article, *The Undeclared War on Greece*, is the personal account of the experiences of the Deputy Prime Minister and Minister of Foreign Affairs for Greece, Mr. Constantin Tsaldaris. The article is of personal interest to all Americans. See page 11.

RBP

Phil Conley (right), American liaison officer, has a talk with guerrilla leader.

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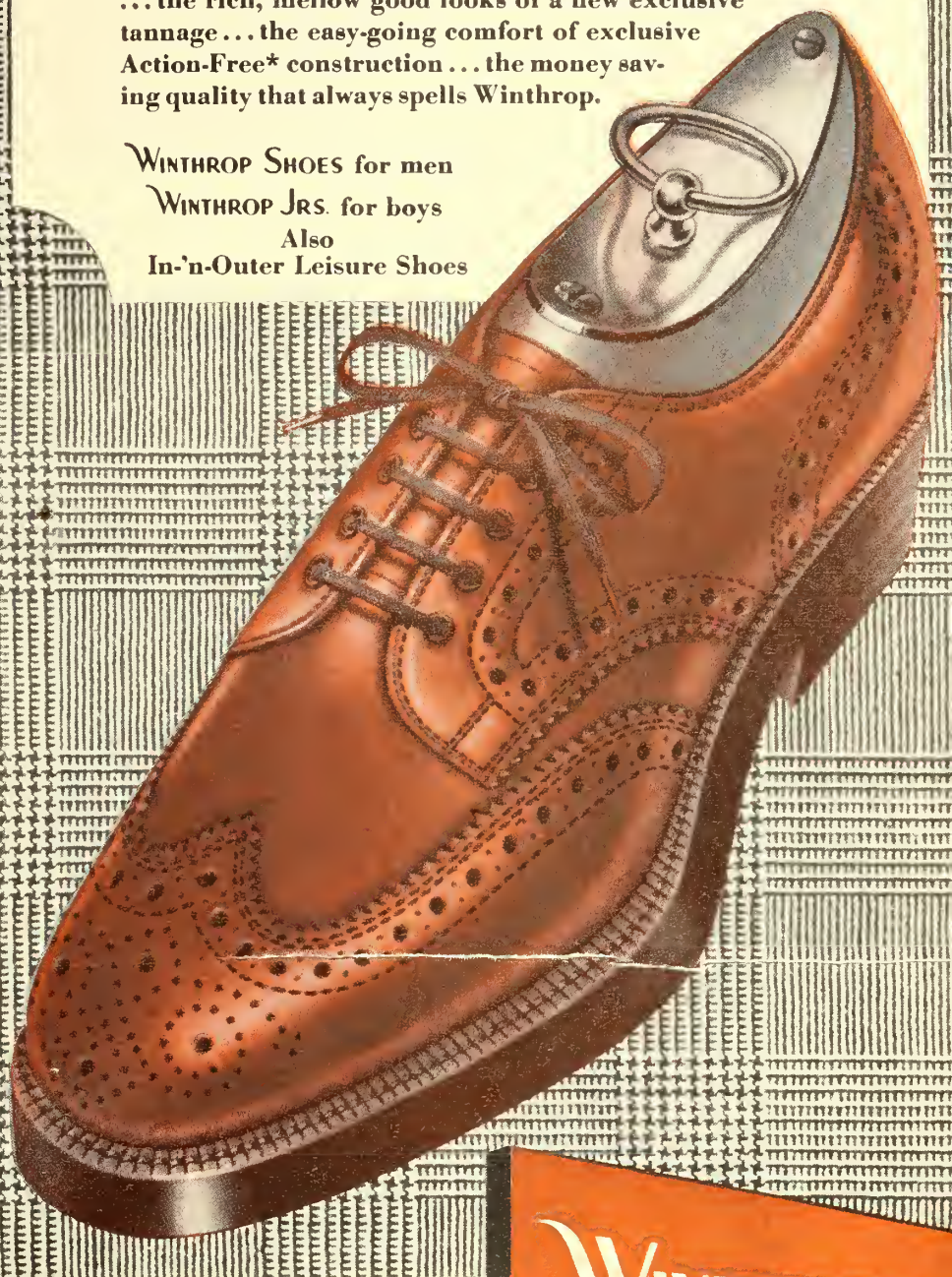

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Action-Free

FOR FREE STYLE BOOKLET WRITE DEPT. A.

WINTHROP SHOES

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Here are the things being developed for better living now, next month, or a year or more from now.

Nylon Upholstery For Cars... Something new in automotive upholstery, a fabric known as Candalon Cord, made with nylon, will make its first appearance in the new 1948 Studebaker Land Cruisers. Made by the Collins & Aikman Corporation, the new fabric is a combination of flat and pile weave. Luxurious in appearance, it is expected to wear as long as the car itself. In addition, it is cool and comfortable, easy on the clothes and can be readily cleaned.

New Plastic Polish... A war-developed liquid plastic polish which the manufacturers say will protect household surfaces, automobiles, etc., with a glossy, long-lasting finish has been announced by Reyam Plastic Products Company, of Chicago. Applied with a cloth, the finish dries in several hours to form a coat which is said to be impervious to heat, cold, most chemicals, spilled liquids and caustic soaps. Time required to re-finish a car is reported to be only a half-hour.

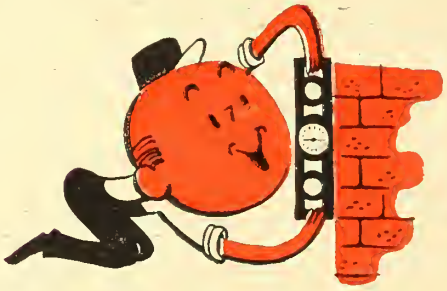
Lock Without Keys... A radically different kind of push-button combination door lock, which is opened by tapping out the proper combination on four small buttons, has been developed by the Security Lock Corporation of Walden, N. Y., and will soon be on the market under the name of Preslok. The manufacturer says it can be opened with one finger, but provides a powerful bulwark against burglars.

Long-Range Electric Eye... A new electric eye which can see up to 1,000 feet, nearly four times as far as present equipment, has been developed by the General Electric Company. The new eye, which is not adversely affected by outside light, snow or rain, can be used for such applications as counting automobiles on highways, activating traffic signals on the approach of a vehicle and "fencing" restricted areas. The light source of the device operates on the modulated light principle, sending a beam of light which is interrupted 900 times a second. The photoelectric relay is tuned so that it responds only to light at this frequency.

Recording Made Easy... A foolproof wire recorder which uses a simple plug-in cartridge of wire has been developed by the RCA Victor Division of Radio Corporation of America and is being made generally available. The recorder is housed in a streamlined, black plastic cabinet which weighs less than 25 pounds complete with cartridge and microphone. It operates from any 110-volt AC power source, has three simple controls, and reproduces speech and music with remarkable fidelity. An indicator light to show correct recording volume is said to make possible recordings of professional quality, regardless of the user's skill. The complete unit will sell for under $200. Each cartridge contains more than a half-mile of wire which will record up to a half-hour of speech or music. Recordings can be played back immediately without tedious rewinding. The recorder also has a timing device which permits the user to locate exactly any particular part of what he has recorded.

Whiskey From Oil Wells?... Not only is it possible to make whiskey from petroleum, but such spirits would be hangover-free, according to Dr. Henry Hass, head of the Chemistry Department of Purdue University. Whiskey processed from oil products would be equal in taste to the best grain liquors, says Dr. Hass, and would contain no hangover-producing fusel oil.

For A Rainy Day... Patent 2,412,415 is something you might like to save for a rainy day—it's a combination umbrella and cape. This affair hangs from the shoulders of the wearer in bell-like fashion and extends below the waist to permit perfect freedom of movement. The garment is zippered and readily extensible or collapsible. A lazy-tongs arrangement around the lower edge of the garment may be releasably locked in extended position. A hood is attached to the cape and may be raised for protection of the wearer's head. When collapsed, the cape may be conveniently carried in the handbag or pocket. The guy behind the idea is Haimi Navon of Brooklyn.



Getting The Angle... For the fellow who builds things, the R-D Company of Flint, Mich., is bringing out a combination level and angle indicator which should prove useful around the home and in industry. Called the Anglevel, it resembles the conventional carpenter's level except that it has a dial indicator on one side which shows at a glance the angle, slope or pitch of the piece being worked. The dial is calibrated in degrees (0-360) in such a way that it is practical for use by the most painstaking craftsman.

Through The Needle's Eye... A lot of guys learned to sew in the Army and they still wouldn't mind doing some sewing around the house, if it weren't for one main thing: the threading. But a New York concern — the Man-Sew Corporation—has come up with a needle threading attachment in which thread is pneumatically drawn through the needle's eye. A wing at the side of the needle guides the thread into the eye, and the thread is pulled through by suction applied through rubber tubing.

To Have And To Hold... Maybe some of those phenomenal catches of football passes you saw last fall resulted from a new preparation we've just heard about, called Hydro-Tac. Made by the Hydro-Chemical Company, of East Hartford, Conn., it's a liquid which, the manufacturers say, permits sportsmen to hold onto things despite rain, snow, sleet, perspiration, etc. Pre-testing, by several leading pro and college football teams, leading golfers and bowlers, is said to have provided gripping results.

Simplifying Color Photography ...A new sheet film for color photography, designed to be processed "with the speed and simplicity of conventional black-and-white film," has been announced by the Du Pont Company. Called S-T Tripac, the film is for use in portrait and still photography but is not yet adaptable to motion pictures. It can be used in ordinary plate back cameras. The film is composed of two supports and three emulsion layers. The front support carries two layers which record blue and green respectively while the rear base has a single emulsion which records red. High quality negatives are said to be obtained with a minimum of chemicals and equipment.

J.C.K.

Dependable

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The number one racing driver in 1947— as in 1946— used the number one spark plug of the nation to win both crowns. Both are true Champions— Ted Horn, national AAA champion, and Champion Spark Plugs.

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Sound Off!

Writers must give name and address. Name withheld if requested. Address: Sound Off, The American Legion Magazine, One Park Avenue, New York 16, N.Y.

Know This Song?

I wonder if there is any "Information Please" sub-editor there at your office who can give me a little enlightenment on the following nostalgic item of the recent World War II?

While I was in the Naples area in Italy (after the shooting war was all over) I remember a U. S. Infantry company or a platoon marching into town one night singing a song somewhat like this—(as far as I can recall it):

"Heads up soldier,—eye on the ball,
Stay away from the Janes, and wood alcohol,"—

That's all of the words I can recall and I'm not sure that I've got *those* right. The tune was a catchy, sprightly lilt, and I think I heard the tune (the *music* part of it) again in the film *"Ernie Pyle"* later in Washington, D. C.

I would be pleased if you could tell me what the real words were, in full, of this song, and where the tune or music (if published), may be obtained.

Thanking you in advance, I remain

THOMAS L. SULLIVAN
Newton, Mass., Post 48

He's Got A Little List

The names of those celebrities who, unwittingly or otherwise, served to embarrass the Congressional investigation of Communistic influences in the movies are pasted in my billfold.

These individuals have given me good reason to look askance at their particular brand of Americanism, and I do not propose to advance their interests by patronizing their productions, or the manufacturers of products that countenance their paid endorsements.

LYMAN B. JONES
Ernie Pyle Post 898, Chicago

"If I Had Died"

May I "sound off" on a question many are debating now? To bring him home or leave him there? My request would be:

If I had died across the sea from home.
While fighting for this precious land of mine,
My one desire would be that I might sleep,
In Oklahoma's good red earth, in time.
This dust of me could never rest in peace,
Where strife and war somehow must ever be;
Too long it cradled in this good red earth,
To mix in peace with clay across the sea.
If I had died where guns of battle roar:
So far from all this heart of mine holds dear,
My wish would be that I might come at last,
To rest where love and tender hands are near,
This is my home and should forever be.
For here my heartstrings are securely tied;
So I would ask that I be brought at last
To rest forever here, if I Had Died.

TOM KEEF
Harrison-Powers Post 79
Krebs, Okla.

$100 PRIZE LETTER

(See page 9)

For some time now the public press has been carrying stories which in my opinion tend only to cause dissent in the ranks of the Legion, and as such should be thoroughly aired, and the people responsible for them furnished with the true facts of the case.

Many writers, both in and out of the Legion, have from time to time gone on record as advocating the "super-rapid" advancement of World War II members to positions of leadership in the national organization.

I, for one, being an officer of one of the oldest Posts in N. Y. and a World War II man, would naturally like to see the veterans of my own generation assume command. However, that is something that will come about in the natural course of events thereby giving the embryo brass time to assimilate themselves into the national picture.

In Queens County alone, under the administration of County Commander Eddie Alberts, there are several World War II boys in command of Posts, several county representatives, plus numerous junior officers. I believe this picture is projected in magnitude over the national picture.

To my comrades of the Second War, please be patient and, through hard work, loyalty to the Legion, and demonstrated ability, we "kids" one day will sit with the red caps upon our own heads.

RAYMOND W. LOVERING, *Adjutant*
Richmond Hill, L. I., Post 212
Department of New York.

How About Your Copy?

I am not a member of The American Legion. However, your magazine is handed down to me monthly by a WW II vet. Believe me, I wouldn't miss reading your issues, as I find them most interesting.

Incidentally, boys, what are you doing with discarded copies? Why not give them out to your friends, so all can enjoy reading the good material published. Your copies may get into the hands of these vets that don't belong to the Legion, who are constantly griping about the dirty deal they are getting. The *Sound Off!* page may interest them. Just think!—they can blow off steam and be heard in 48 States—isn't that something?

SYLVANIA FRANCISCONI
San Francisco

An Appointment

The following news item from this week's *Time* magazine is forwarded for information;

To Poet Robert Lowell, 30, *conscientious objector*, 1947 Pulitzer Prizewinner, went a Government plum—a year's pleasant work (at $5700) as adviser on poetry for the Library of Congress (where his predecessor was Pulitzer Poet Karl Shapiro).

How did this item get by those Congressional watchdogs of the Treasury, many of whom are veterans, in their chopping of the V.A. appropriation, failure on veterans housing, and so on ad infinitum.

LAURENCE L. CURRAN
Arthur L. Peterson Post 27
Long Beach, California.

A Slogan

I am passing on to you a suggested slogan for membership in the American Legion.

YOUR FRIENDS ARE LEGION, WHY NOT JOIN THEM?

H. H. PUMP
Memphis, Tenn.

On Employing Disabled Vets

I have been a member of the Legion for 27 years having served in both WWI and WWII.

Having tried to get veteran farm help for some time I was a little surprised at Mr. Jack Sher's article in the October issue which indicated that there were some 170,000 unemployed disabled veterans.

Under how and why to hire disabled veterans, Mr. Sher advises getting in touch with the USES. My experience has been that when I contacted the USES they told me to go to the local county agriculture agent as they did not handle the farm placement, This I did with little or no result.

With the world and our country screaming for food I fail to see the justice in Jack Sher's article if they don't also register these men for farm work. I know a good many disabled veterans who are still capable of getting about sufficiently to do some farm work.

I wonder whether you would mind endorsing a copy of this letter on to Mr. Sher for his comments.

EDMOND N. CARPLES
Rocky Hill, N. J.

"A Guy Called Kelly"

The story by Charles S. Peden, *A Guy Called Kelly*, is a beautiful thing. It shows the serviceman in action too little seen by so many of our people.

The Editor of our Department paper the *West Virginia Legionnaire* has a little prayer that he has adopted which appears just over his editorial each month:

"Almighty Commander: Keep us straight and may our actions have the approval of our departed comrades."

I like to believe when our departed com-

rades have their conventions in the great beyond that they will not only smile with approval at the story dedicated to the memory of Col. Byron Brugge; but they will break forth with a hearty round of applause.

J. C. WALL, *Chaplain*
Riley Vest Post

What Makes Your Job

Congratulations on your article, "What Makes Your Job," by Norman Beasley. Such straight-from-the-shoulder facts, attractively presented, and well-illustrated with pictures, are excellent. They help to answer a lot of superficial thinking which has become entirely too popular. We could use more of them.

Frank and clear presentations of the benefits of the American economic system are the best way to fight Communism. They are vastly superior to imitating the Communists by trying to deny freedom of speech to those with whom we disagree.

SIMEON H. F. GOLDSTEIN
Housing Chairman, Bronx County, N.Y.
De Bellis-Daly Post 1457, N.Y.

$100 a Month For the Most Interesting Letter

The American Legion Magazine will pay $100 for the most interesting letter—*no more than 150 words, please!* submitted to Sound Off! The letter can be on any subject but we are particularly interested in letters concerning material published in the magazine or suggestions for making the magazine more interesting to you. Simply address your letter to Sound Off Editor, *The American Legion Magazine*, 1 Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. We will be unable to acknowledge the letters and our decision will have to be final, of course.

The editors reserve the right to edit prize-winning letters.

"Dames"

Methinks the young man who wishes "dames" would be ladies protests too much. Perhaps if he stopped pursuing "dames" and tried looking for a friend and companion amongst the "females" he would have a little more success. And it would probably help some if he tried being a gentleman all the time instead of just when a "lady" was around.

Then, too, why not grow up mentally? After all, women want a man, not a grown-up male with a mother fixation, and we can't be blamed for objecting to playing the role of baby sitter to a six-foot infant.

I am a woman and, I hope, a lady, but I have never had the fantastic idea that I could get along without men, although quite able to forego "guys" who are looking for "dames," and I would certainly object to being anyone's possession, precious or otherwise. After all, how could I be sure where I'd be placed amongst his possessions—on a par with his horse and car maybe, or, dreadful thought, come after his pocket lighter or golf clubs.

And by the way, he shouldn't blame his uniform for his troubles. Remember, a lot of us were in uniform too, and it didn't take us very long to find out that the uniform didn't make the man.

LILAH BROWN
Portland, Oregon

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THE AMERICAN
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This Athens street scene shows how the communist plot to seize power works out in practice

The Undeclared War on Greece

By CONSTANTIN TSALDARIS
Deputy Prime Minister and Minister of Foreign Affairs of Greece

This is the story behind the news from Greece. A distinguished statesman tells how communists mouthing "democracy" are making a grim and bloody effort to seize his country so Russia can boss the Mediterranean

On the night of December 3, 1944, a messenger came to my house, which is located on the outskirts of Athens, and handed me a note which read: "Communists are on their way to your house. Leave immediately. Your life is in danger."

My wife and I hurriedly packed a few belongings and left the house by a side entrance. As we reached the street we could hear the distant sound of street fighting. It was 7:45; at eight o'clock my house was surrounded by armed communists.

Mrs. Tsaldaris and I had gone to live with a friend of mine who had an apartment in a large building on Boulevard Sophia, one of Athens' main thoroughfares: the building was only a few blocks away from the Hotel Grand-Bretagne where the government had its headquarters. The following morning, as I stood watching the street below, I noticed two men turn the corner and start across the street toward the entrance of the apartment building. As they reached the sidewalk in front of the door there was a series of shots and suddenly the two men pitched forward and fell to the sidewalk. The shots had come from the vicinity of the Officers' Club which was situated

Women as well as men are enlisted by the Partisans

Roving communists accounted for these Greek soldiers

Guerrillas from over the border visited this family

diagonally across from my apartment. I discovered that I could use a service exit without being observed by the snipers, but there was always the danger that other men might have been assigned to cover this entrance.

A few minutes later, a maid came out of former premier Caffandaris' house, which was located directly across the way. She started to cross the street but the snipers' bullets riddled her body and she threw up her arms and dropped the basket of fruit she was carrying and fell to the pavement with a cry. From our apartment we could see that she was still alive and in great pain. My wife and another woman in the building ran out to the dying girl and dragged her into Mr. Caffandaris' house.

These incidents marked the beginning of a bloody reign of terror during which the communists desperately tried to capture the government of Greece. For days the streets ran with blood, and men committed crimes of indescribable violence. That uprising, although quelled, was a signal that officially started the communist campaign against Greece. I am going to describe this campaign in detail because I think that it is important for people everywhere to learn the pattern of the Greek communists. In my opinion, Greece is being used as a proving ground by the Comintern. Every technique in the communist book has been tried out in Greece and I'm sure that at the recent Comintern conclave at Warsaw, where there were official representatives from Italy and France, the strategy mapped out for the coming revolutions in those countries was substantially based upon the results of the "Greek experiment."

Before the Communist uprising occurred, and before the guerrilla bands started attacking, we were just as aware of the presence of communist infiltration as you are now in the United States. However, you have been able, through laws enacted by your Congress, to purge government workers, army personnel and other key groups, of communistic, disloyal people. Much as we would have liked to, we were not permitted to do this in Greece. Every move we made was under keen scrutiny and we were criticized severely if we showed the slightest symptom of being "conservative." I do not know if the loyalty check now being conducted in the U. S. will be effective enough to obliterate communism's sabotage, but certainly it will help check it.

For its campaign in Greece, communist headquarters prepared slowly and thoroughly, and with disarming forthrightness. We didn't

Bystanders caught between police and demonstrators sprawl on the sidewalks of Athens

need intelligence reports to tell us that guerrilla bands were being trained and equipped along our northern borders; even fruit peddlers and shoe shine boys on the streets of Athens discussed it and wondered when the invasion would begin. I wanted desperately to avert further hardship but I knew that the unanimous intervention of the Big Four was the only solution and this was an improbable one. Nevertheless, I tried the impossible.

In the early part of July, 1946, I went to Paris where the Big Four were in session. Bevin of England, Byrnes of the United States and Bidault of France each saw me, listened to the facts, seemed willing to lend their assistance. But with Molotov of Russia it was a different story.

I arranged my conference with Molotov through the Greek Ambassador to Moscow who had accompanied me to Paris. We met at his Embassy and I could tell from the way he received me that our conference was to be brief. I referred to the Bulgarian and Albanian questions and I told him that according to our intelligence reports, Greece would soon be subjected to guerrilla warfare. Mr. Molotov listened politely but, unfortunately, his mind was already made up. He was not sympathetic to my nation. Although I tried several times after that meeting, to contact Mr. Molotov, the Russian leader avoided seeing me.

Constantin Tsaldaris at the United Nations General Assembly

Several weeks after my meeting with Mr. Molotov, the guerrilla war broke out. The guerrillas began systematically to pillage our Macedonian villages. Greece was in danger of collapse. Ironically, the Peace Conference had just begun in Paris but it was dedicated to past, not present war. To the Peace Conference came Venizelos, Papandreou, Canelopolous, Zervas and Rendis (representing Sophoulis who could not make such a long trip); these men represented all the parties then in the Parliament of Greece, and they had come to Paris united in their intent to support our national claims and find some alleviation for Greece's suffering. They asked Mr. Molotov to meet with them and discuss the Greek question but the Russian leader avoided seeing them.

Obstruction, infiltration, slander, propaganda and an armed rebellion planned across the northern border of Greece are the tools which international communism is using to achieve its aims in Greece. The technique of the fifth column has been extended: communism is actually the sixth column. By that I mean that by insidious sabotage, international intrigue, and the pressure of foreign nations allied against a government chosen by its people, that government is made to weaken and fall. Communism's aims are neither a social reform in the interest of the people nor an ideological victory over "fascism." The ultimate aim is political; the severance of the northern Greek provinces and the alignment of my country in the Slav group.

On the night before he died, King George II called me to the Palace. His Majesty met me at the door of his study and I was shocked to see how thin and pale he was. He looked at me with a worried, quizzical look on his face as he motioned me into the room. From a box on his desk he offered me a cigar, took one himself, and we both settled in chairs in front of the window. For a little while, we sat there in the dusk, smoking, not speaking. Then the King turned his head to me and said: "A delegation of survivors from the village of Corynvos came to see me today. They told me how the guerrillas had burned their village and killed their relatives and friends. These people need homes and food. They want to go back to their farms and save their crops. We must do something for them." He got up from his chair and stood looking out the window. "Will there never be an end to this suffering?" he asked. "The communists have infiltrated everywhere. The army. Government offices. Civil service. Labor groups. Every time we try to start a reconstruction program, they sabotage our work."

I reviewed the situation with his (*Continued on page 40*)

Oscar and the Flier Fellers

The heart-warming story of a man of WWI who, as a civilian worker in WW2, did his share, and more

By CHARLES S. PEDEN

NOT ALL HEROES wear uniforms. The respect World War II Legionnaires hold for their older buddies is not all based on brave tales of Belleau Wood, St. Mihiel or the Argonne. They saw these same men devote long hours to air-raid duties, hospital routine and many other details of the war effort. For that matter, the public at large witnessed many of these patriotic services of our older buddies; but only the fighting man saw what they did in the combat zones.

Oscar Schmidt was such a man. I first met him the day I stalled my jeep in the rubble and ruts of a right-of-way he was carving with his bulldozer between Alexai Point and Massacre Bay, on Attu Island. To me at the time he was just another guy working for a civilian contracting outfit; but later I got to know Oscar as quite a man.

My first impression was that of a broad-beamed, bewhiskered giant, possessed of a voice calculated to do ballad work with a steam calliope.

"Yust a minute, young feller," he roared, hiking his squealing bulldozer around. "I fix."

Carefully inching the 'dozer into the unhandsome stern of my vehicle, he gently nudged me to hard ground. Big as he was, the guy was an artist with a cat.

"Diss blace is vun spot jeep feller can't operate," he laughed, braking his monster to a halt and leaning across the levers for a chat. "You new guy aroun' here, yes? Bet you flier feller from Amchit."

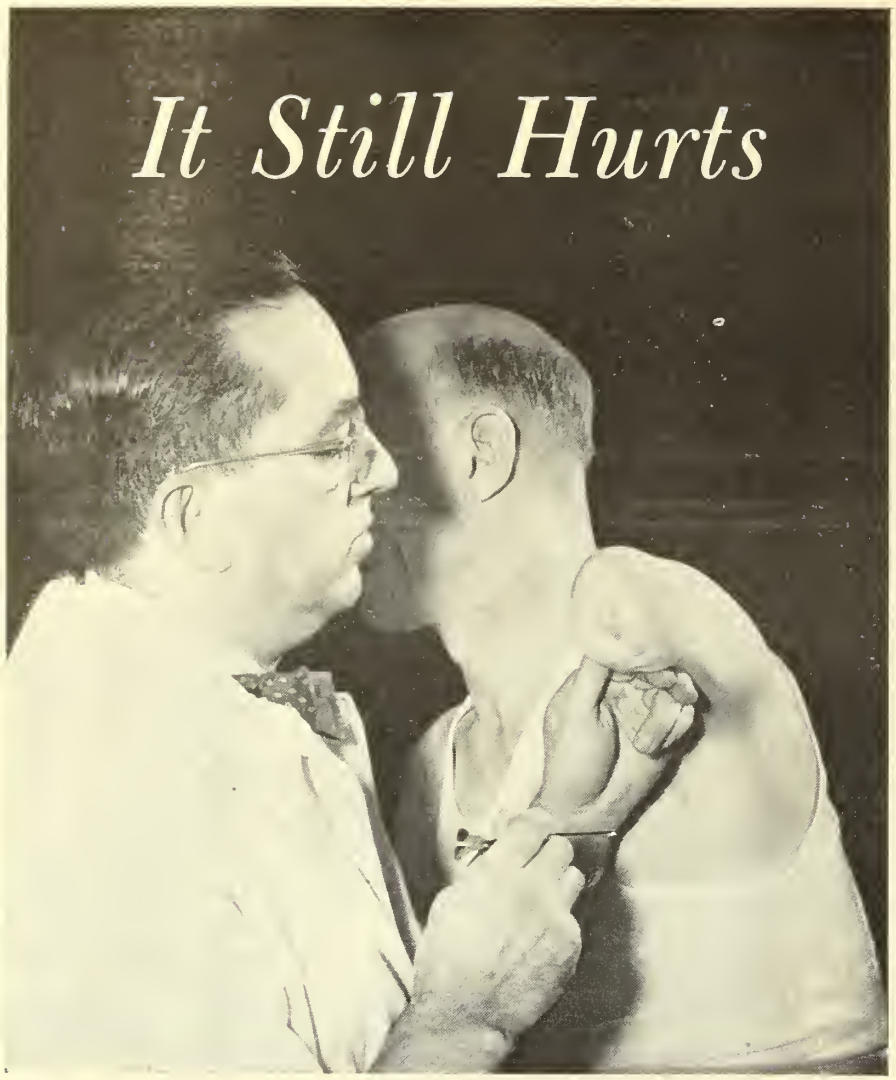
His assumption that I was newly arrived from the 11th Bombardment Group Base on Amchitka Island was correct, and after nodding I observed that Attu didn't seem any better than the other misbegotten, fog-ridden islands I'd seen on the Aleutian Chain.

"Yah," he agreed, spitting on his red hot exhaust manifold to watch it sizzle. "All dese goddam rocks iss same—muddy, lousy, cold. I vorked dem all from Kodiak down . . . vas at Dutch ven de Yaps bombed it. Pretty soon my contrack iss up here. Den I blow fer Alcan Highvay yob, gotta get ciwilized all over. By de vay, you been stateside lately? Do dey know iss var aroun' here?"

I laughed at the implication and pointed out (*Continued on page 46*)

Many a stormy night Oscar would charge in with a load of canned beer and food

It Still Hurts



By JAMES F. O'NEIL
National Commander, The American Legion

A FRIEND of mine who lost an arm in World War I was back in the hospital recently to receive treatments in the hope that further surgery on the stump of that arm may be avoided. After thirty years that wound *still hurts.*

That statement, and the realization of it, is a good text for my message to the members of The American Legion this month. In speaking about the care of the disabled as the first duty of The American Legion, another friend told me that the first time he saw an American soldier overseas with a leg amputated, he woke up that night crying in a dream. Crying with anger and a personal hurt because of what had happened to a fellow soldier.

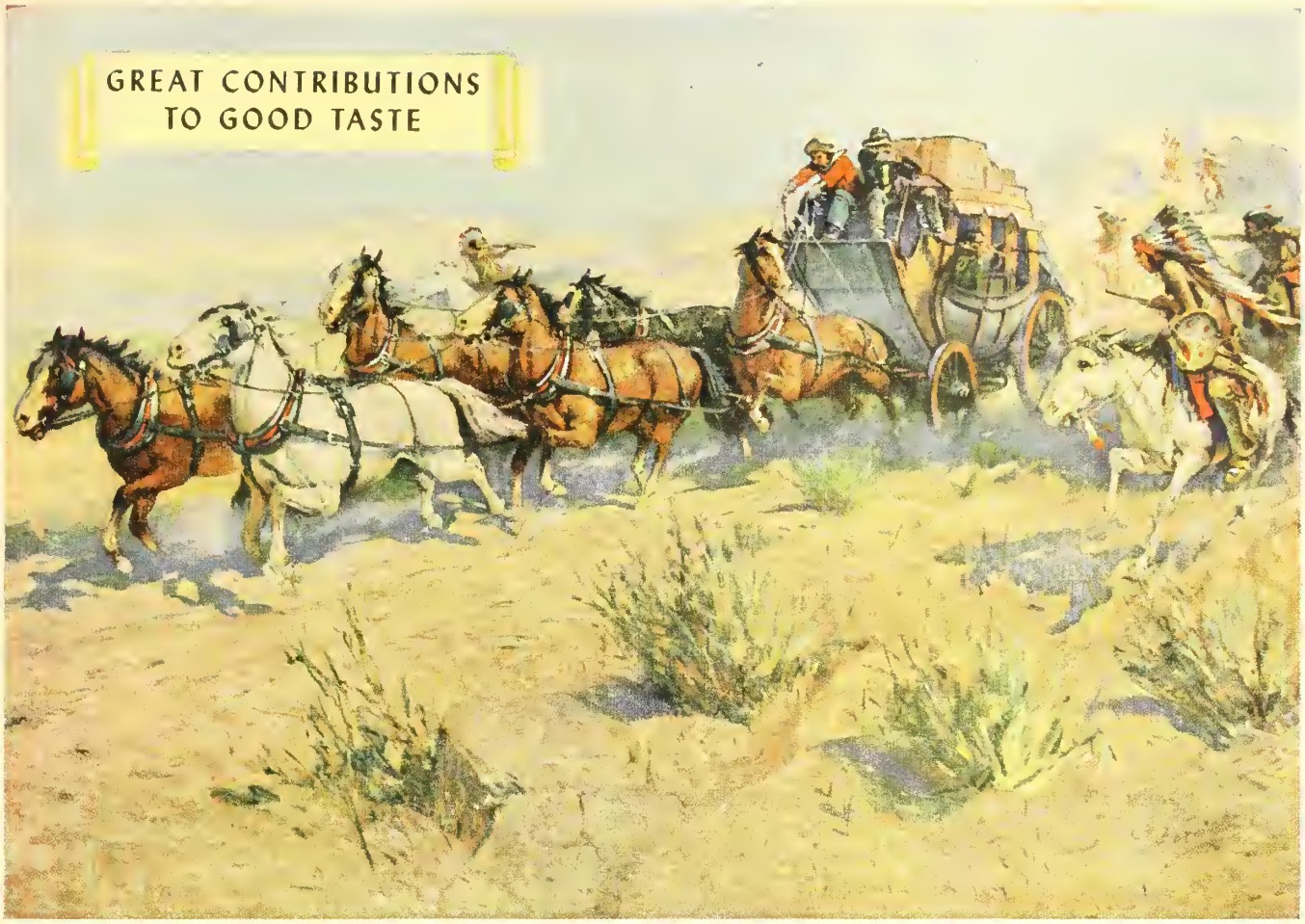
There is a time when wounds are new and shocking and the hurt is fresh and the thought of them makes men crying mad. There are other times when the "problem of the disabled" becomes just a column of statistics. In our American Legion commitment of continued care for the disabled we remember, always, that the wound hurts and we are mad about it. We propose to continue doing something about the disabled, the sick, the orphans and widows of the dead. We have voluntarily made that our first obligation as Legionnaires.

Most of us know something of the work of our National Rehabilitation Commission, its staff in Washington and its field force. Many of us know much of our Department Service Officers and their work. Not all of us have noted that The American Legion has more than 1,600 representatives accredited to the Veterans Administration to handle cases of the disabled. That is four times as many accredited workers as are listed by the next largest national organization in the field of rehabilitation. We are proud of this, and we must remember that it carries with it our responsibility for leadership. When The American Legion accepts the request of a disabled man to be his representative, the Legion becomes the attorney for that man, the first friend, the trustee of the life and future of a disabled American.

Our service to the disabled begins in the American Legion Post, in the home community. It is volunteer work, done by the post rehabilitation or Post Service Committee members. It is often difficult and trying work. Laws and regulations are numerous and complicated. The human problem of the disabled man and his family is different in every instance. Our Post committees and Service Officers have a big job I ask each of them to do an even better job than in the past. I appeal here and now to every member of The American Legion to help them do the best possible job. Get that primary task of your Post well organized, with sincere, unselfish men and women devoted to doing a share of it. Get your Post medical advisor appointed. You will need his help on medical and hospital matters. Get an insurance advisor named. World War II veterans need encouragement and aid in reinstating their insurance.

The best American Legion service is performed on the home front, by those who know the men and women concerned, their difficulties and their needs. Do not pass a "case" along to a Department Service Officer or to the National Rehabilitation Commission unless you run into complications requiring especial and skilled help. The few expert, paid workers are available in exceptional cases, but they have a heavy load of work. Rehabilitation service is usually more effective at home, in personal contact with those who ask American Legion assistance.

I suggest that each Legionnaire give a little time and effort to Post service work. Help one man or woman or child—help one family—along the road to restoration of health and earning power. You will be happy in the result, and your American Legion will be strengthened by that result. The toll of dead, wounded and sick has mounted into the hundreds of thousands after two wars. Our American Legion did not accept the task of rehabilitation as an easy one. This sacred trust we have assumed because we want to do it, because we know the wounds still hurt, and we are still hurt in our hearts at what has happened to so many that stood beside us in the ranks of embattled America. Only when each of us in The American Legion, millions in number, does a share, will our trust be discharged in full. Pitch in and do your share. I think you'll love it.



Oysters and Lobsters gave the Trail its Start

When Henry Wells started what was to become Wells, Fargo & Co., few people could see any need for express service. He finally sold his idea by delivering fresh oysters and lobsters far inland where such delicacies never before had been seen. His express company went beyond Buffalo to St. Louis and Chicago and then fanned out through the hazardous West to the Coast.

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Vets with Ideas

Portraits in Aluminum

Lieutenant Mack Snibby, who not so long ago was commanding one of the Navy's little PT boats but now is just plain Mr. Snibby, strolled into an out-of-town bank in need of some cash. He drew a check on his hometown bank, walked to the window, and slid it under the grille.

The bank teller smiled matter-of-factly and asked, "Do you have any means of identification, Mr. Snibby?"

"Sure," Mack answered. He handed the teller a driver's license, a social security card, and a letter on his business stationery.

"I'd like to help you but do you have something with your picture on it?" The teller said.

Mack left the bank without the money but with the teller's parting shot in his ears, "I'd sure like to help you, friend—if only you had something with your picture on it——"

The ex-Navy lieutenant was peeved at the thought of wandering around a strange town trying to convince someone of his honesty to the extent of cashing a $50 check. It was three hours before he had the money, but from that temporary inconvenience was born an idea.

A few days later, he told a business associate about his difficulty and posed this question: "Why shouldn't every citizen have some generally-accepted means of identification like those used by servicemen during the war?"

They worked over the idea that night and came up with plans for a business enterprise, the Universal Identification Service. The two young men carefully analyzed and outlined the necessary characteristics of the perfect identification card: it must be light but not subject to wear—it must bend but not tear—it must be tamperproof but inexpensive—it must contain 27 vital personal statistics with out being bulky—it should be durable and fire resistant—and it must have a picture of its owner.

After several months they perfected a new process whereby a picture, signature, and all pertinent information about a person could be etched into a wallet-sized aluminum identification card weighing less than a book of matches but strong enough to withstand 1,200 degrees F. in a fire.

The two young men contacted doctors, hotel managers, bank officials, credit men, and others to obtain their reaction. It was enthusiastic.

Everyone admitted the need for such a device. Mack even went a step further and arranged with a famous private detective agency to track down from information supplied by "Universal's" files anyone misusing a card.

Today, having ironed out production problems, Mack Snibby and his partner are retailing their product through 100 photographic studios and department stores along the eastern seaboard. At present, they are marketing the card mainly in places having good photographic equipment in order to keep the pictures out of the "passport photo" class. And, from his office at 1536 Connecticut Avenue, N.W., in Washington, D. C., Mack Snibby is now contacting veterans' groups, fraternal organizations, credit companies, industrial concerns and other organizations that he feels might want their members or employees readily identified.

—By Earle Palmer Brown

Free Movies Pay Off

William Ray (Jimmy) Edwards was a motion picture projectionist—had been since he was 12. He knew no other business. Even when war came and he bounced all over Europe with General Patton's army, he'd lay wires for the headquarters and then get out his projector and start the reels whirring.

That was before he was overexposed to dampness, developed pneumonia and subsequently became listed in the VA card files as "disabled." And the doctors said "no" to his returning to his old job as projectionist in a motion picture theatre.

But Jimmy Edwards is showing motion pictures these nights. As a matter of fact, folks all around Davidson County, N. C., don't even bother to call him by name—they know him as "The Show Man." And it's all because he, a veteran with a wife and three children, used a little resourcefulness to keep himself in the kind of work he knows and likes best despite his disability. The deal is this:

Jimmy has a circuit of rural outdoor theatres where from April to October he brings full-length motion pictures directly to the country communities. And every week in some Davidson County settlement, the men and women and children gather from miles around, sit on benches made of boards across cement blocks and there, under the stars, see an entertaining movie. He works directly with rural storekeepers. The storekeeper sets up the rough but adequate outdoor theatre and pays Jimmy a set fee to bring his projection equipment and the films to the theatre. No admission is charged to the hundreds and often thousands of persons who attend these movies. But the movies attract the people to the section, and before and after the show and at intermission the storekeeper's business booms.

So, Jimmy gets his fee, the storekeeper improves business, and the people see a free movie. Nobody loses, everybody profits, and a good time is had by all.

Jimmy is at a different place on each of the six nights weekly that he shows movies. He shows the same movie at all of the places on his circuit, changing his program each week. The films are rented from commercial film libraries.

The crowds which pour into these outdoor theatres are tremendous. Jimmy estimates that he shows to a total of 10,000 persons each week. So successful has the project become that other North Carolina counties have sent in delegations with a view to starting similar circuits.

—By Frances Griffin

Life in a Ghost Town

Five WAC veterans decided last year that their service experience was too good to waste, so they teamed up to start a hotel. Their Canyon Inn at Johnsville, Cal., has flourished, and the girls have brought new life to a ghost town.

Ellen Ruthman headed the project on the basis of her management of guest houses in North Africa and France where General Eisenhower entertained visiting military and diplomatic bigwigs. Another former captain in the WAC, Vera von Stein, put her administrative experience as a detachment commander to work in assisting Ellen to supervise operations.

Charlotta Crosier, also an ex-captain and physical education instructor for 8th Air Force WAC, was a natural for the post of sports director, while Helen Brock, formerly a sergeant in personnel work, became bookkeeper for the group. The fifth veteran, Dorothy Jacquays, had been a corporal in charge of WAC wards at Army hospitals, and was therefore well qualified to take over the housekeeping department.

The girls found no ready-made hotels available, so they pooled their savings to buy a number of deserted log cabins in Johnsville, a ghost town left over from the gold rush, but located in the heart of fishing, hunting—and loafing—mountain country.

With hired help hard to find, they pitched in on the tough job of getting the cabins in shape to accommodate guests. For several weeks they were carpenters, painters, plumbers, and interior decorators—everything but cooks. Fortunately, they had managed to hire a cook, and could relax over three meals a day with the several guests who had wandered in during the renovating operations.

Then, just before their official opening, the cook had a heart attack and Ellen was forced to take the job herself. Deciding that strong measures were necessary, she put guests on KP duty—and they responded with vim.

Meanwhile, more and more guests were dropping in to stay, and then the girls began to build up a staff of waitresses, cooks and domestic workers. In a few months, Canyon Inn was grossing more than a thousand dollars weekly, with more than fifty cabin units occupied. The "No Vacancy" sign has been out almost constantly ever since.

—By Dave Houser

What YOU Can Do About Housing

By HAYWARD S. CLEVELAND

THE KEY to the strength of The American Legion, and indeed to the strength and greatness of America itself, lies with you in your own home town.

The war has been over now for two and a half years. Thousands of young veterans are still without homes. You shake your head and say "too bad"—but—what have you done about it—what has your local Legion Post done about it—and what has your community done about it?

Numerous Legionnaires, and many local American Legion Posts *have* done something about it. Nicholson Post 338, Baton Rouge, La., has provided several hundred units for veterans. Morgan-McDermott Post No. 7, Tucson, Ariz., with the aid of the Chamber of Commerce, provided 180 veterans units. Miami, Fla., 189 units—Allentown, Pa., 50 units—Westfield, N. J., 100 units—Ohio, Arkansas, California, New York, and others too numerous to mention have put their shoulders to the wheel and gotten results.

How did they do it?—Community action.

How can you do it?—The same way.

The first thing to do is to roll up your sleeves and decide to go to work. Urge your local Legion Post to organize a strong housing committee, a committee that is willing to spend a lot of time, and expend a great deal of effort to get the job done. Sponsor a meeting in your local community of contractors, realtors, civic organizations, bankers, public officials, representatives of labor, and other interested groups, and form a community veterans housing committee.

Next—determine the extent of your problem by conducting a survey in your locality. This can be successfully done through local newspapers, store placards, and actual door to door canvassing. Determine whether you can best serve the interest of your homeless veterans and their families by building homes for sale or for rent.

Once you have ascertained the extent of your problem—including ability of vets to pay, decide on price or rental scale necessary to solve your problem. Then comes the BIG job—start from the bottom up to see where costs can be lowered.

LAND—Try to secure from municipal or county authorities land being held for back unpaid taxes, bringing no return to local tax authorities. Should this fail, urge the co-operation of local realtors to supply suitable land at a reasonable figure.

TAXES—Seek temporary ad valorem and income tax exemptions (where necessary) to reduce overall costs.

FINANCE—Induce local lending authorities to finance project at a rate of interest not to exceed 3 percent.

CONTRACTORS and Sub-Contractors—Urge their co-operation to give the community housing committee a firm bid on the project, to post completion bonds, and eliminate insofar as possible, featherbedding practices.

LABOR—Convince labor in your community that these projects are for their sons and neighbor's sons—urge their co-operation for full productivity at established rates. Then—Choose your plan.

Individuals—Approach a contractor with the idea of his laying out a tract for them or building standardized homes on individual lots throughout the community. The idea is to offer the contractor enough standardization to effect a saving in construction costs. Fix it so the builder can standardize on a model in several parts of town, and he will be interested in doing the job—the more units the lower the cost per unit.

Co-operative—If a group of veterans want to get together and build in the same area, it is possible that a co-operative or mutual system can be devised. There are a lot of pitfalls to this system—be sure that your committee has a good lawyer and banker to figure this thing out for you. The value of working together is in its economy and power. The loss of individuality is a detriment, but the idea, when properly worked out, has proved to be profitable. In many areas, state and local housing authorities are more than willing to give veterans committees full co-operation in programming co-operative projects. New York State is an outstanding example.

Limited Dividend Corporation—Form a limited dividend corporation, composed of local leaders in financial, construction, labor, vets' organizations, etc., acquire a large tract of land, enlist financial aid through issuance of bonds, and erect under Title 608 FHA, rental housing in the moderate income bracket.

There are other, many other, plans that are now working in communities throughout the country. No one Legion Post has a corner on all the brains. You don't have to shake your head and say "too bad" when you talk about the lack of housing for veterans. You,through your local American Legion Post, can help solve this problem, as many others have done. Not by shaking your head but by shaking another part of your anatomy. In other words—get the lead out.

National Headquarters has a permanent secretary of the National Housing Committee, who is available to serve your Post with all the newest plans, and programs. Members of the National Housing Committee will continue to serve you wherever and whenever they can. Your State Department has a Veterans Housing Chairman who will attend your committee meetings, and help you with your planning.

All are ready and willing to help—ready to serve each and every Legionnaire, and his local post—IF—you realize the time is now—the place is your community—and you are willing to help—DO IT YOURSELF.

Mr. Cleveland is a former member of the Legion's National Housing Committee.

Will Heart Disease Get You?

Here are the shocking facts about your worst enemy —the killer that we all ignore

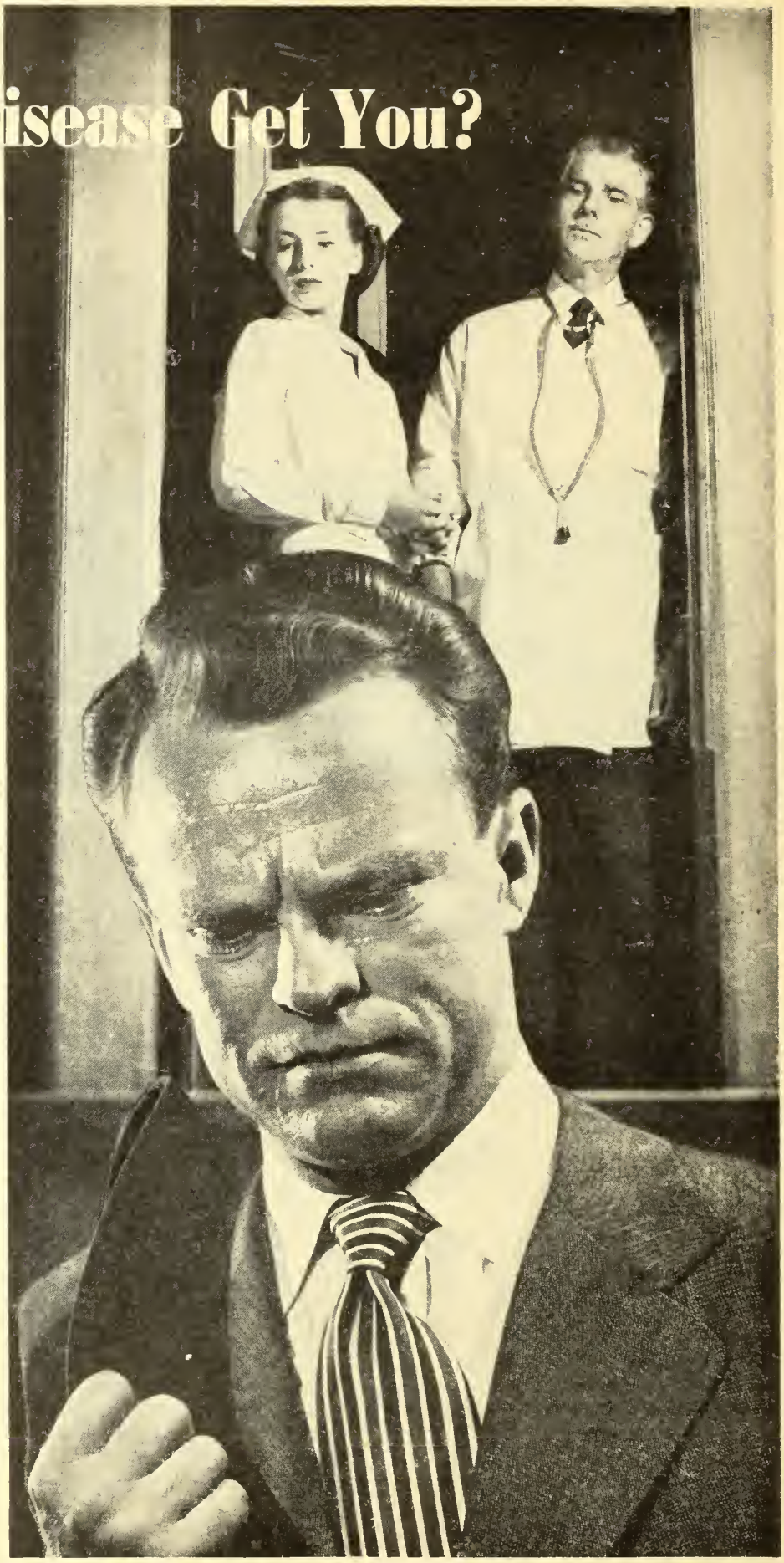
By MYRON STEARNS

RECENTLY A POPULAR MAGAZINE published a bright and hopeful article which said in effect that it is our privilege to die of heart disease, the fact that more and more of us do is a sign that we are living longer and resisting other afflictions.

Perhaps the author felt he was doing a service in speaking so hopefully about a dreadful subject. Actually he was helping to perpetuate a public indifference and fatalism toward heart disease which has already held back medical progress. The truth is that heart disease is at once the most serious and most neglected of all American health problems —but perhaps it need not be so.

Far from being the sole property of the aged and infirm, various forms of heart disease impair and kill more people in all walks of life and all age groups than do any other four diseases combined, but we lump them together with death and taxes, and say that if they get you, they get you. The grim harvest of *child* lives exacted by such spectacular terrors as infantile paralysis is as nothing compared with the hundreds of thousands of *little children* who suffer and die from one heart affliction alone, rheumatic heart disease. In 1945 the public subscribed $13,480.72 to the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis for each death from polio. There is nothing the matter with that. But at the same time the same public subscribed *seven cents* to the American Heart Association for each death from heart disease!

Actually the chances are greater that you will die of heart disease than of any other affliction, and if you do your



"If we work together carefully we may keep you going," your doctor tells you

doctor might just as well say you died of ignorance. The American Legion is one of the few organizations in the country which is actively prosecuting heart disease — and the first thing I learned when the American Legion Magazine gave me the job of telling its readers the present status of heart disease in this country was that various forms of heart affliction kill more people than cancer and tuberculosis combined (more than *twice* as many) and receive the least public support for research of all the more common death causes. Consequently, our most serious killing disease-group is still in the Dark-Ages, and if we keep sticking our heads in the sand like a bunch of ostriches, it is going to remain there.

This account is going to paint a very black picture. First I should make clear what may be called the brighter side. When heart disease gets you, it doesn't necessarily mean you will be dead in two seconds. Depending on the nature of the disease, a heart patient under proper care may continue to live fairly normally for a long time; or he may live usefully under constant medical supervision with his food and activities curtailed; or he may live on borrowed time for a few weeks or a few years.

But regardless of the life expectancy of the patient, the significant fact is that in the absence of better knowledge than we have today heart disease treatment is seldom aimed at a cure. It is a task of seeing how long doctor and patient can conspire to keep the patient alive, and although the task is sometimes well-performed that is not enough. The public requires urgently that heart research be better supported. Then out of the darkness may come the knowledge which will permit your doctor or mine to think in terms of a cure when we go to him with heart trouble.

In terms of medical knowledge, the situation is so bad that if you want to cut down the great chance that heart disease will get you the best advice I can give is that you hang on for a long time in hopes that more will be learned in the meantime. And if some accredited agency, such as the American Heart Association, should rattle a plastic heart in your face, drop into it whatever you think your life is worth in a contribution to heart research.

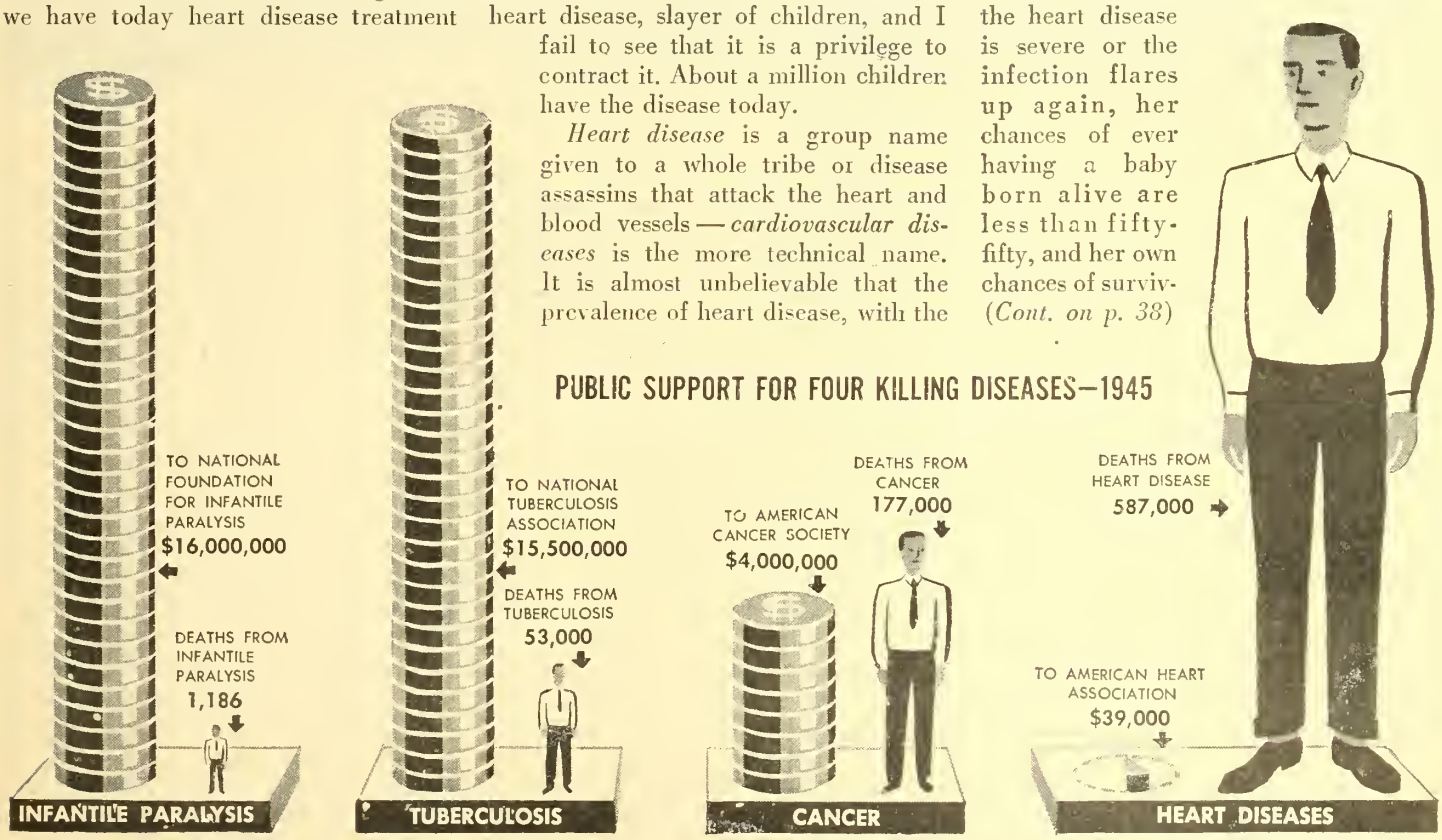
Even though not all heart disease is instant death, in many of its forms it still remains an unthinkable killer, or group of killers. For instance it is able, in one form, to strike you down as suddenly as if you were hit by a sledge hammer. It is able, in another form, to throw your six-year-old daughter into an agony of pains, fever, or St. Vitus dance, or possibly leave her with only a frail, semi-invalid existence, to die in her twenties. That last is rheumatic heart disease, slayer of children, and I fail to see that it is a privilege to contract it. About a million children have the disease today.

Heart disease is a group name given to a whole tribe or disease assassins that attack the heart and blood vessels — *cardiovascular diseases* is the more technical name. It is almost unbelievable that the prevalence of heart disease, with the dangers it carries and the truly horrifying amount of damage it does is so little realized. It seems equally unbelievable that even leading scientists still know so little about the fundamental causes. Whether it is because there is so little public financial support, or because there is so little for a doctor to do for a heart patient, it is nevertheless a fact that very few physicians specialize in the subject. It is interesting to note, for example, that 4,000 doctors are qualified specialists in ear-nose-and-throat while less than 400 are qualified in heart disease! Out of public support might come more knowledge, out of knowledge would come more things for a doctor to do with a heart patient.

Consider the usual course and the possible treatments for some of the worst heart afflictions.

Let us say your daughter is just starting school — her first year. She catches a slight cold and gets over it. Three or four weeks later she begins to feel pain in her joints and her coordination is affected. Diagnosis: rheumatic fever. Nobody knows what causes it. The treatment is rest. She may survive the disease without much damage, but rheumatic heart disease may follow it. Now the treatment is prolonged rest — the safest convalescence is six months or more after the child seems well. If the heart disease is severe or the infection flares up again, her chances of ever having a baby born alive are less than fifty-fifty, and her own chances of surviv-

(*Cont. on p. 38*)



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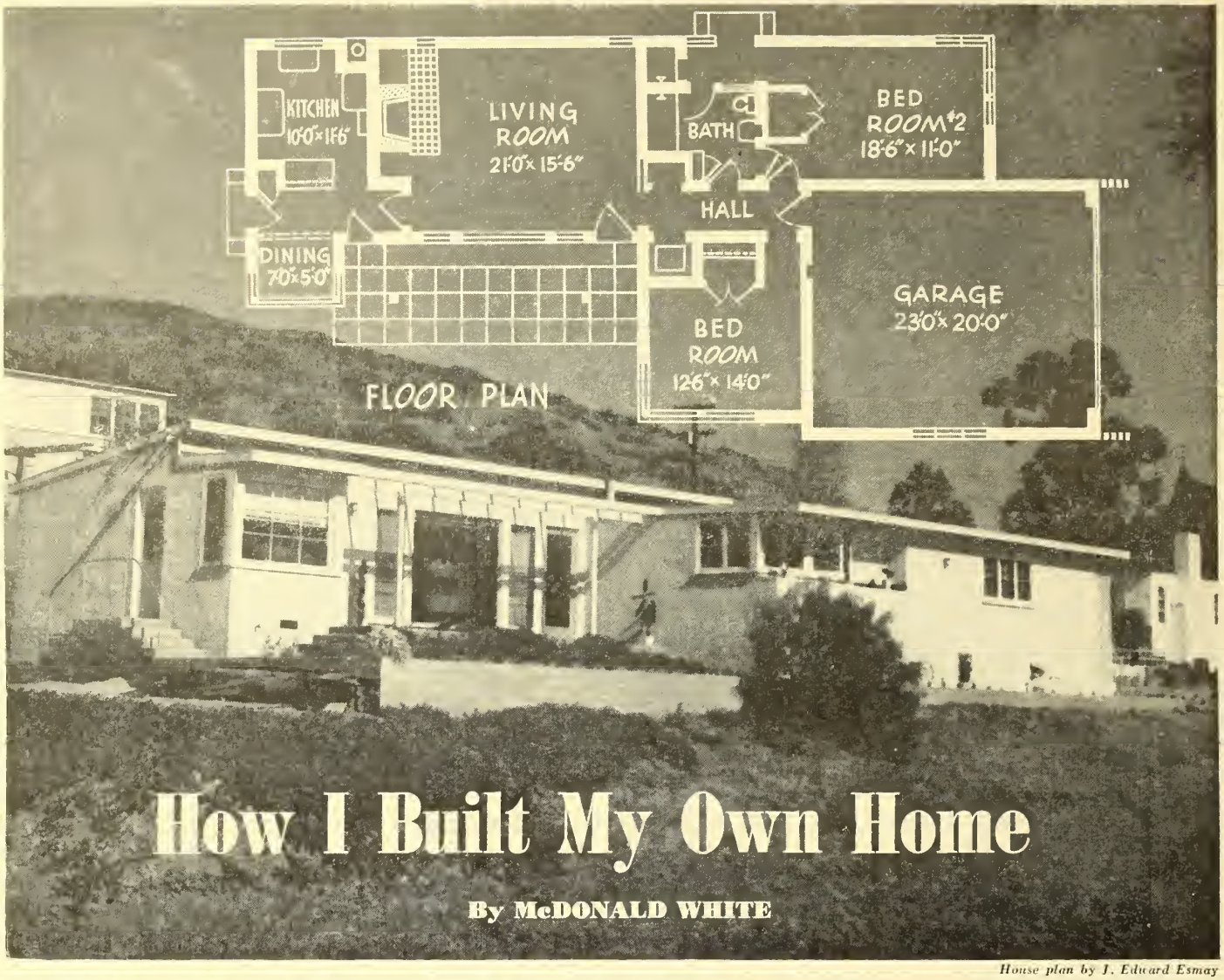

How I Built My Own Home

By McDONALD WHITE

House plan by J. Edward Esmay

They told him it couldn't be done, but this vet became his own builder. The house he built—well, read what the real estate man offered for it

THE OTHER DAY a real estate agent and a woman client came to my door. The man explained that his client was in the market for a new home and could they look around. I told them I had not considered selling but to come in anyway. When they had finished their inspection tour the woman got right down to business.

"Tell you what I'll do," she said. "I'll give you $20,000 cash for the house, unfurnished."

I took a quick, deep breath. "Lady," I replied, "that's a generous offer. It's considerably more than twice what it cost me to build, including the lot."

She looked at me in amazement.

"That's right," I said. "Probably you think I'm balmy for not grabbing your offer quick, with all that profit in the bag. But I hired a carpenter and the two of us built this place. Of course, I had to hire others to do the cement work, electrical installation, masonry, plastering, plumbing and such things. It's my baby."

The real estate agent started to suggest a higher figure when I broke in again. "Look," I said, "I've been kicked around by landlords and landladies so long that I'm sick and tired of it. Now I have a place to hang my hat and nothing can budge me from here. Sorry, but that's the way it is."

They walked out to their car, thanking me for the look-see.

Here's the house for which they offered me $20,000: It has a living room, all knotty pine, heavy-beamed ceiling, oak floor, fireplace, and a large plate-glass picture window overlooking the ocean. It has a kitchen and dinette, finished in painted plaster except for the knotty pine and beamed ceiling in the dinette. There is a linen closet, and a bathroom with glass-doored shower. Two bedrooms have combination plaster walls and knotty pine-beamed ceilings and oak floors. There is a spacious double garage which is a honey, and over the garage is room for an apartment, with plumbing and electrical terminals properly placed for ready connections.

It all happened this way. Having been discharged from the 358th Fighter Squadron, 355th Group, as over-age, I started in the spring of 1945 to find a

Ralph Bell, all-around man, ties in plenty of reinforcing steel in retaining-wall form

The house at last had a roof. And a good thing, too, because one hour later good weather ended and rain began to pour down

Pouring cement slab for front porch. Ralph Bell takes time out for a smoke. In the right background is contractor Tom Hill

This corner of White's living room shows some of his hard-to-get knotty pine paneling

lot, preferably near a beach where I could take a swim nearly every day of the year. A real estate man showed me several lots, but the price was too high or something else was wrong.

One Saturday morning I was walking up the main street of town when the agent popped his head out of the office door and said, "Don, I think I've got just the lot for you. Haven't had the listing more than an hour." He told me the location and the price, $1,000. We drove up to look at it. It was a deal.

That night, after dinner, I walked up to see what the lot looked like in moonlight. A block below, the ocean shimmered like newly-polished silver. Grass swayed gently in the night wind. I stood approximately where I thought the center of the property should be and, right then, began to dream up a house.

For a few weeks I toyed with rough sketches on paper, then called in a designer. We looked over the lot together and I decided about what I wanted. He estimated grades and contours and in a couple of weeks submitted tentative sketches. From these I suggested exactly what I wanted.

Later, armed with final plans and my discharge paper, I visited the nearest F.H.A. office, in Los Angeles, and was interviewed for a G.I. loan. A few weeks later acceptance and a priority rating came through.

In the meantime I showed the plans to several local contractors, whose estimates came to approximately twice what I had expected to pay. On the verge of abandoning the whole project, I talked to several business men, asking their advice. The result was even deeper discouragement.

Faced with this problem, I decided that the only way I could get a house would be to build it myself, be my own contractor. The experts advised against it but I figured I could cut labor and material costs to a minimum. Without construction experience, I knew I would have to find a good carpenter to plan, supervise and do all the intricate work and a "boss" to direct my efforts.

I found my man in Ralph Bell. Ralph was crating pianos, bicycles and whatnots at a local van and storage company, where he had been working during the war while building was at a standstill.

I introduced myself and said, "Mr. Bell, how would you like to build a house with me?"

"Well, okay, I guess," he said. "I've probably built about twenty-five of them in my time." However, he was dubious about getting materials. I warned him that I knew nothing about building and he would have to tell me what to do. He grinned and generously commented that I didn't (*Continued on page 31*)

The tiger snook is rated best of the salt water fish that lift the pulse of light-tackle anglers in any season

By RAY HOLLAND

THE AMERICAN BASS fisherman has the tools and knows how to use them. He rates his sport as tops in the piscatorial world, but maybe he has never met some of the game fins that live in the sea. Fishing the salt with fresh-water tackle is a rip-roaring sport right up the bass fisherman's alley. He's missing something if he doesn't investigate, and all he needs is his regular bass tackle.

The quadruple, multiplying reel and the short casting rod are strictly American products, the pet tools of the bass seeker. So is the hook-bedecked chunk of wood, called a plug, which we cast out and reel in time after time, until some bass gets tired of seeing the diving, darting, wiggling thing and strikes it. When a bass hits a plug he immediately resents the sting of the hooks and the drag from the line and he does things. He comes out of the water and shakes himself, he bores deep and he pulls and tugs with so much determination that he has been called "pound for pound the gamest fish that swims."

Some folks cast plugs for muskalonge or pike, but the black bass is by far the favorite of the boys who fish with the short rod and the multiplying reel. Because the bass is found in every state far more men fish for bass than for trout or any other fresh water game

All at Sea With Bass Tackle

Florida islands and inlets offer a year-round wonderland for the light-tackle fisherman

Salt water game fish that break hearts and tackle on the open ocean are brought to bay with bass gear in Florida's canals, inlets and estuaries

fish. Some use the fly rod, but most bass fishermen are wedded to the art of plug casting.

Far be it from me to belittle a bass, but my old friend who first wrote the "pound for pound" stuff didn't know much about the game fish that live in salt water. Sure, he knew about the large ocean fish and the big two-handed rods and heavy lines men use when they wish to engage in an endurance test. He knew all about such sport, but he didn't know that the sea is full of fighting game fish that will hit a plug so fast and so hard they will almost jerk the rod out of your hands. Some of these fish bore deep and fight longer and harder than any bass. Others jump and tail-dance with such abandon that it would make the jumpingest bass hang his head in shame. If these things had been common knowledge in his day, this man would never have come forth with that "pound for pound" assertion.

Whether you cast your plug for striped bass in the waters of Cape Cod or for some first-rate battler off the Gulf shore in Texas, you will agree with me before you are through. Wherever you find salt water bays, estuaries and creeks, there is usually sport for the plug-caster. If you want the top sport to be had with salt water fish and fresh water tackle, take your bass rod—maybe you had better take two rods—your regular level-winding reel and all the plugs you can buy, beg, or borrow, and go down into the Ten Thousand Islands off the southwest coast of Florida.

These islands start at Naples and run clear around the southern tip of the state. I don't know who decided that there were ten thousand of these mangrove-covered oyster bars; sometimes I think there must be twice that many. Being islands they are surrounded by water and in that water are fish. Most of the channels are shallow, but a good guide knows the holes where the fish gather in the deep water. It is enough to drive any bass fisherman daft.

There is a sign along the road near Bonita Springs, just north of the Islands, that says "Home of the Tiger Snook." He is a tiger and he's a bull-dog, and he is about the best eating fish you could ask for—if you skin him. Now I have a friend who is a trout fisherman and salmon fisherman of parts. He had caught lots of small snook along the canals and he kept talking about wanting to catch one of these tiger snook. So we took him.

He's good. He can do a roll-cast to perfection when up against the mangroves with no room for a back-cast. His equipment is of the best and he was ready to do battle. An eight- or nine-pound snook gobbled that streamer fly he offered and the fun started. That fish came out of water a time or two and shook himself like a wet spaniel, but a master-craftsman had him and the hook was well sunk. Around the boat he went and the line hissed and threw spray as it cut the water.

"Don't let him bully you," I said, but I got no answer. After a couple of tail dances this snook decided it was time to go places, and he started.

"Got plenty of backing?"

"Yeah."

"Think he's a tiger snook?"

"Yeah."

"He's no tiger, he's nothing but a little pussy-cat snook. Wait until you hook a big one."

No comment.

"Don't let him bully you! You'd better turn him! Why don't you quit fooling with that (*Continued on page 31*)

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ORPHAN ANNIE—EVERYTHING IN ITS PLACE

Many readers look upon Orphan Annie as a symbol of reaction and protest her political expressions

How You Help Draw Comic Strips

This is how you, Mr. and Mrs. Reader, guide the hands that create Dick Tracy, Blondie, Li'l Abner and the other pen-and-ink folks who live in the funny papers

By H. W. KELLICK

To the legion of 70,000,000 daily and Sunday comic strip admirers, most of whom are adults, the affairs of the Bumsteads, the quarreling of Maggie & Jiggs, the birth of Sparkle Plenty and the adventures of Steve Canyon are taken as seriously as the atom bomb.

Let a cartoonist knowingly or unwittingly tamper with the likes or dislikes of his family of fans and he will, much to his amazement, discover the potent force of public opinion.

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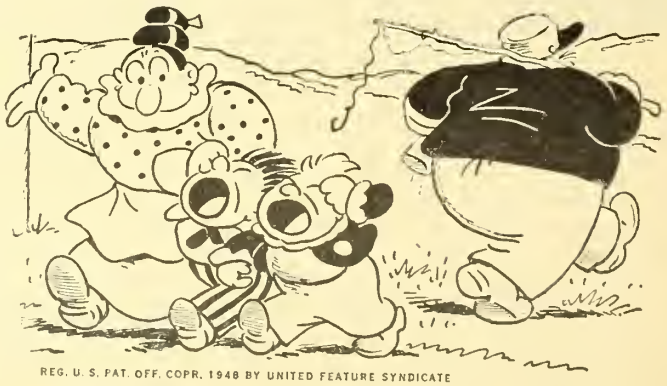
Blondie fans want things in place

Skeezix, the hero of Frank King's Gasoline Alley recently got a new car. There followed dozens of letters from ex-GI's asking how in the devil he rated one and saying they hadn't been able to do it. One vet accused Skeezix of slipping extra money to the dealer.

For years Chic Young has kept the Blondie home furniture and room arrangement intact. If a piece of furniture was moved or a picture missing from the wall the fans would detect it quickly. One day Young placed the bathtub on the left side of the panel instead of in its usual position in the right corner. A flood of mail decended upon the artist asking him what right he had to move the bathtub without consulting his fans.

Several years ago Harold Teen showed up regularly without a hat in the Carl Ed strip. Since this encouraged the hatless fad, the hat manufacturers, in a belligerent mood, called on the syndicate and insisted that Teen had ruined their business.

Perhaps the biggest gripe in the current comic strip world results from the alleged reactionary politics in the Orphan Annie feature. One southern publisher won't print the strip and carries an explanation on the front page saying that Annie will not be resumed until she gets the hell out of the realm of her "nasty" politics. A mid-western paper which featured Orphan Annie at the top of its comic page for the past twenty-five years found that she encroached on the paper's political policy and interfered with the thinking power of hundreds of its subscribers. As a result, the paper yanked the strip from the top position and demoted Annie to a slot close to the bottom of the page. Long-time friends of Orphan Annie accused Harold Gray, her creator, of being a paid agent of the National Association of Manufacturers, and liberals vowed to boycott the strip.



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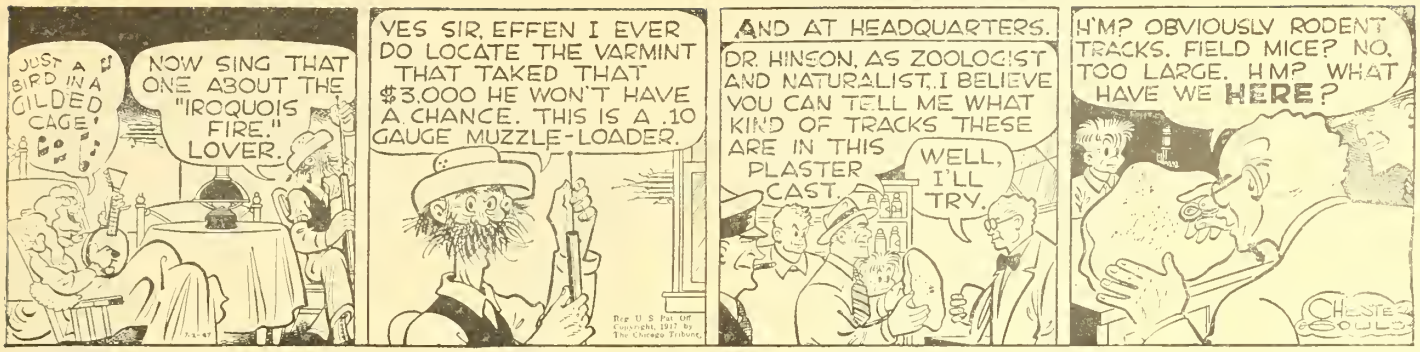
The Katzenjammer Kids are now fifty years old

Fortunately for Gray, he is immune from the syndicate's editorial censorship



J. Edgar Hoover likes Dick Tracy, and presumably such odd characters as Gravel Gertie and B. O. Plenty

knife, but unfortunately for him, editors can refuse to print the strip and still retain the contract privileges.

Most artists, however, are under the direct editorial supervision of their respective syndicates. Though syndicates will clear strips which, in their opinion, are free from general taboos, and although editors believe them to be in ex-

The Steve Canyon strip features "oomph"

cellent taste for the mass comic audience, there often appear unexpected boomerangs from displeased organizations or irate individuals whose personal feelings have been injured.

Recently Hal Rasmusson, who draws the popular teen-age comic strip called Aggie Mack, dreamed up a five-week sequence (all comic strips are prepared five weeks in advance) on baby sitters. Aggie was, in her employer's estimation, an ideal baby sitter. She had more dates booked at twenty-five cents per hour than she could actually fulfill. This gave her a bright idea. Aggie would form a baby-sitters' organization and raise the rates from twenty-five cents to fifty cents an hour.

There followed a flood of mail, much of it unprintable, from enraged mothers. They argued that if Aggie Mack's plan ever materialized, the mothers would never be able to get out of the house and baby sitters would be difficult to cope with.

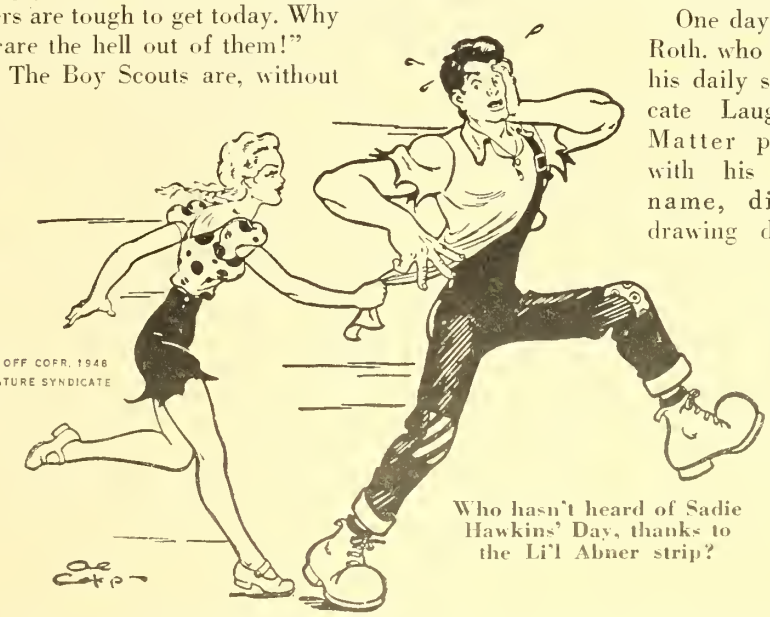
In a subsequent sequence, Hal Rasmusson thought he'd have a bit of fun by having a burglar break and enter the house where Aggie was sitting with a set of twins. The day after the strip appeared in a Philadelphia paper, the police in that city arrested a housebreaker for holding up a baby sitter. More mail, much of it uncomplimentary, was sent to the artist and the syndicate. One angry mother wrote: "Baby sitters are tough to get today. Why scare the hell out of them!"

The Boy Scouts are, without a doubt, the most sensitive of all organizations. They will buckle under ridicule pointed their way, but later come out fighting, always winning the battle. The Scouts will demerit the first cartoonist who depicts them as starting a fire by rubbing two sticks together. Can't be done, the scouts say.

One cartoonist, widely syndicated, thought he'd have a little fun by doing a gag on Boy Scouts. He portrayed a Scoutmaster, sitting up in his cot early in the morning, blowing reveille on his bugle while a troop of sleepy-eyed scouts scrambled out of bed to prepare for early morning camp exercises. To millions of readers this was indeed a funny gag. But to the scouts it was an obvious slur on their organization. Scouts and Scoutmasters cried, "You can't draw that," and the artist's son, a Boy Scout, refused to talk to his father for days.

Next to the Boy Scouts, lawyers, doctors and dentists are extremely sensitive about their work and profession. These professional people are not the kind to remain silent long whenever fun is made about them.

One day Salo Roth, who signs his daily syndicate Laughing Matter panel with his first name, did a drawing depicting a kid in a dental chair. The kid's finger was in the dentist's mouth and the dentist had his finger in the kid's mouth. The boy's mother, on the sidelines, says: "When I give the word, let go!" The dental profession chided Salo for this gag. One Chicago dentist wrote, "This Is No (*Continued on page 45*)



Who hasn't heard of Sadie Hawkins' Day, thanks to the Li'l Abner strip?

Blind Bob Allman covers sports events himself, asks pointed questions of Bob Paul, makes Braille notes for his broadcasts. Top right: No notes are needed as Allman ad libs on the air with guest star Bobby Feller

Philadelphia's Blind Sportscaster

Bob Allman, who is also a lawyer and former wrestling champ, proves that a sense of humor and a questing mind are more priceless than eyesight

By PAUL GARDNER

RECENTLY, during a dramatic sports broadcast in Philadelphia, a page of script slipped from the speaker's hand and fluttered to the floor. In any prepared talk, this is embarrassing.

But when the station announcer picked up the page, to return to the broadcaster, he found himself in a dilemma. The announcer did not know how to hand Robert Allman the paper with its strange dots and perforations. For the page was written in Braille, the language of the blind.

Nevertheless, Bob Allman, first blind commentator of our time, ad libbed so magnificently that his vast listening audience never knew of the behind-the-scenes misadventure.

The 29-year-old Allman is a living example of how intense concentration and a sense of humor can conquer handicaps or limitations.

In making a career of sportscasting, Allman must attend several sports events a week for background material. For eyes he uses Bob Paul, an old college chum and fellow script writer.

Allman recently "watched" 113 wrestling matches in a college tournament at Yale, following the action from Paul's description. When asked why he called a certain Columbia heavyweight outstanding, Allman answered:

"I felt his arms and his legs." Allman, like all blind men, sees with his hands—and his mind.

He broadcasts his program every Saturday evening over Philadelphia's KYW. His comments achieve a vivid impact which leaves listeners incredulous that

this is a blind man. Athletes themselves are amazed. Fred Perry, the tennis champion, once gasped to Allman over the air:

"How do you know so much about my forehand? You never saw it."

Bobby Feller, the Cleveland pitcher, was astonished to discover that Allman knew almost as much about his career as he did himself. Connie Mack, the Athletics veteran, said that Allman had the prerequisites of a top-flight baseball manager.

When Allman goes to a sports event, he asks questions constantly. He wants to know why fighter Jones is clinching so much tonight. He demands precise information on how far the infield has shifted for hitter Ted Williams. He gets a clear-cut description of a single-wing play in football from his friend, Paul, and then he analyzes the situation for himself, batting out notes in Braille. Mentally, he sees all and forgets nothing. Men who accompany him to sports events, experts in their line, see new angles, merely from the astuteness of his questions.

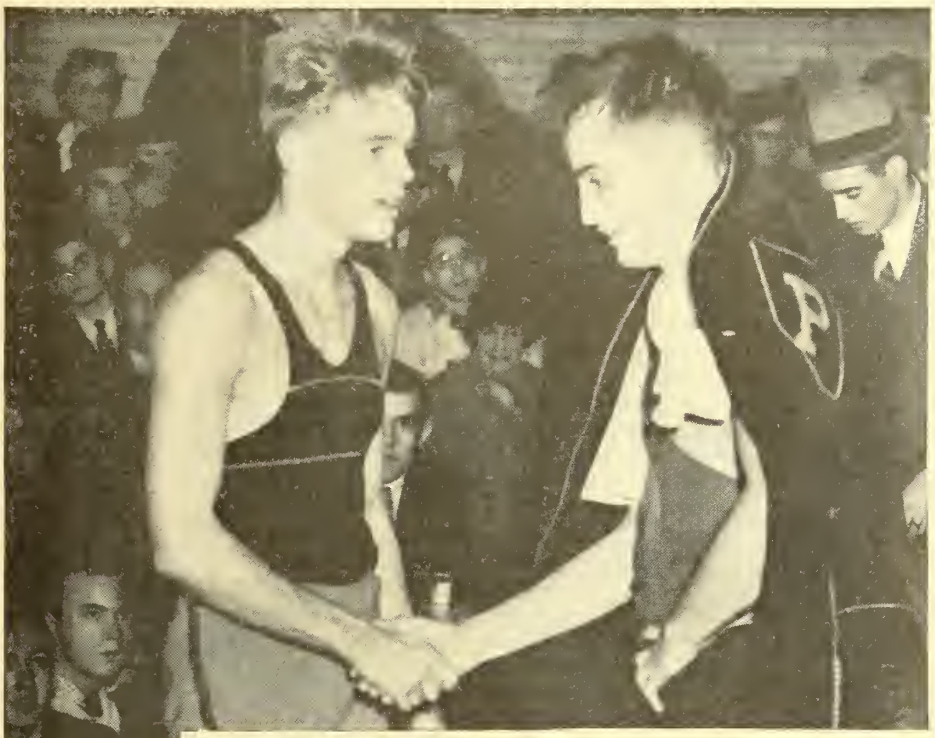
At the University of Pennsylvania, Robert George Allman was not only one of the four leading students in his class but captain of the wrestling team in his senior year.

That's right. The Bob Allman who today is a sportscaster, a brilliant lawyer, a crack insurance agent, a former manufacturer, and an indefatigable worker in many fields—all of this, after having started out as a poor boy and blind from the age of four—was once a champion wrestler.

He won the Middle Atlantic A. A. U. title in the 118-pound class ten years ago. He was thrice runner-up in the 121-pound division in the Eastern Intercollegiate League—in 1937, 1938 and 1939—and there were no push-overs in that set. Formidable gentlemen from colleges like Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Army, Navy, Lehigh, Dartmouth, Penn State, Cornell, and other institutions never downed Allman once as he won 55 or 60 matches, losing five on points.

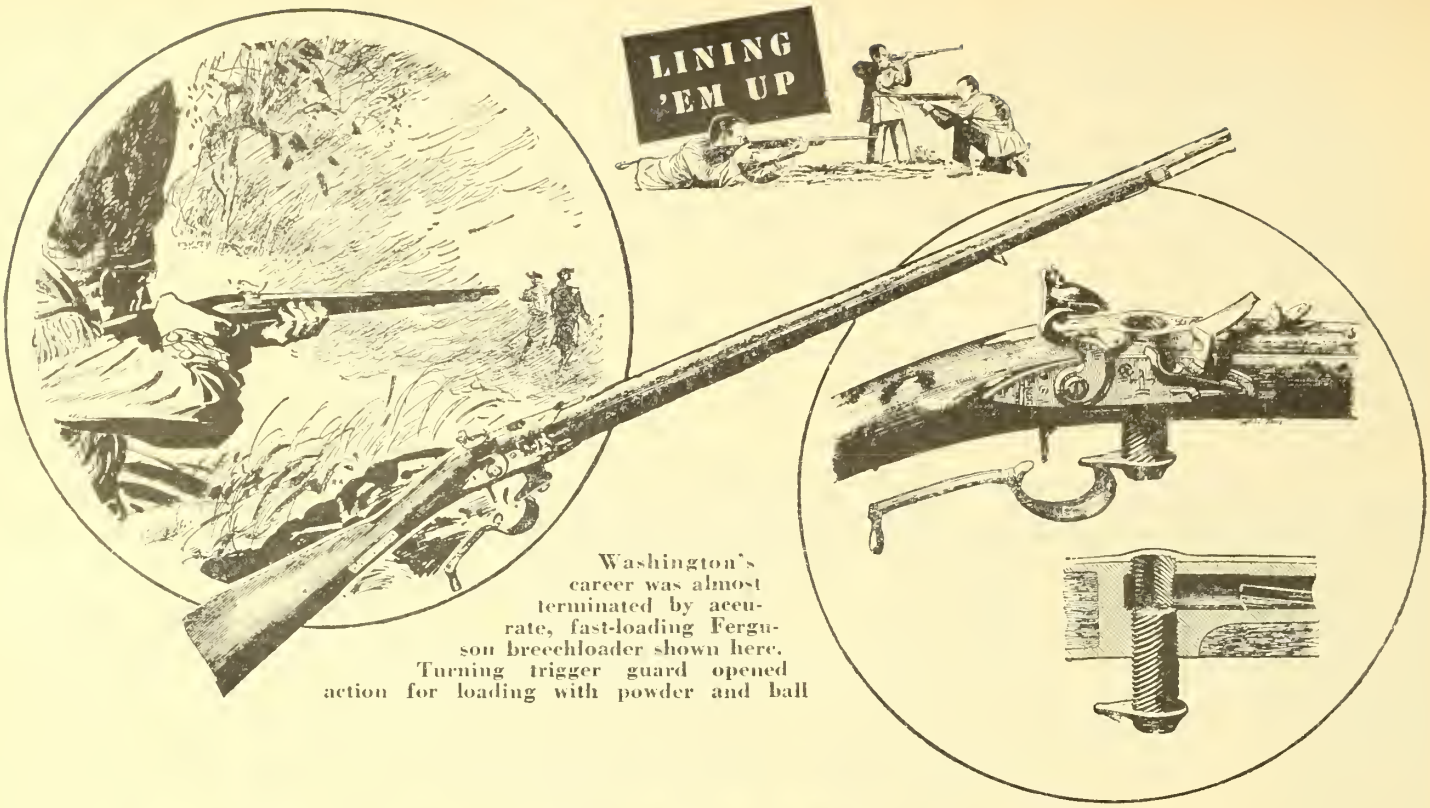
It must be emphasized that college wrestling presents none of the histrionics of the professional model. Men who have competed in both college wrestling and college football will tell you that the regulation nine minutes of the former sport wears you out more than the sixty bruising minutes of the latter where you have teammates who help bear the brunt of battle. You give your all in college wrestling—and Allman's was too good for most, despite his blindness.

In most of his bouts, Allman's opponents consented to start with the referee's hold. Each wrestler places one hand on the other's neck and one on his elbow.



Allman first won his way into the hearts of Philadelphia sports followers when he became a blind, all-winning wrestling captain at the University of Pennsylvania

College wrestling, thereafter, is determined by the point system and is based on which wrestler has had an advantage for a greater part of the contest. In some instances, only a fall will win for a wrestler who is being outpointed. (*Continued on page 48*)



Washington's career was almost terminated by accurate, fast-loading Ferguson breechloader shown here. Turning trigger guard opened action for loading with powder and ball

They Almost Got Washington

A story about our first President which history has almost forgotten, plus the answer to a question puzzling sportsmen

By W. H. B. SMITH

On the morning of October 4, 1777, General Washington launched the attack on Howe's forces which our history calls the Battle of Germantown. Much of that battle was fought in a swirling fog which resulted in a series of bitter individual conflicts.

At one point of the action Washington was crossing an open field accompanied by a single French aide-de-camp. The fog lifted for a moment, leaving the two soldiers clearly visible to an enemy group.

"Halt or I'll fire!" a voice roared out in heavy Scottish accent. General Washington paused and stared deliberately in the direction from which the call came. His practiced eye measured the distance, perhaps 125 yards. At that distance he might have been in danger from Knyphausen's green-coated Jaegers, the German mercenaries armed with muzzle loading rifles But the accent was not German and the uniforms were not green. To Washington that meant British regulars armed only with smooth bore Brown Bess muskets, guns which would hit a man only by luck at anything over 100 yards.

With a shrug of his great shoulders and a nod to his aide, Washington deliberately turned his back and paced off into the fog.

For a moment his life and America's destiny hung on the movement of the trigger finger of Major Patrick Ferguson, the finest European marksman of that day. While the man was a member of the 71st Regiment of Highlanders, his weapon was a specially built breech loading rifle with which he had shown deadly skill at ranges well above 200 yards.

The Scot snapped his cocked rifle to his shoulder and tightened his finger on the trigger as the sights lined up on the broad back of the slow moving figure ahead. But something stayed the trigger finger, and the moving spirit of the American Army vanished in the mist.

Major Patrick Ferguson, inventor of the first breech loading rifle used by British forces, soldier and marksman extraordinary, had been assigned to kill Washington at Germantown. Perhaps it was as he himself said, that it was so inconceivable to him that a commanding general would dare to prowl about a battlefield practically unescorted, that he could not bring himself to believe he was really seeing Washington. Perhaps it was something beyond his comprehension. In any event, Washington walked calmly and safely away from the most resourceful soldier and the deadliest marksman in His Britannic Majesty's service.

Ferguson had patented his breech loading rifle in 1776. Fortunately for the Colonies, the British War Office heads were too reactionary to see the tremendous possibilities of fast loading and long range accuracy provided by Ferguson. Adoption of that rifle might have conquered the Colonies. As it was, Ferguson had to fight to have a small quantity manu- (*Continued on page 43*)

HOW I BUILT MY OWN HOME

(*Continued from page 23*)

act too dumb to learn; and besides, he'd need someone around to sweep up.

Before any work was done on the lot I took out a workman's compensation insurance policy to protect me against possible accidents. That's important. When surveyors had established the four corner posts, I hired a man to level off the lot. He used a team of horses to pull, alternately, a plow and Fresno scraper. The job required excavation of nearly four feet from the upper side and moving the dirt for fill on the lower side. Eight hours later the lot looked level. Total cost: $24.00.

The next day I purchased a pick and shovel, borrowed a rubber-tired wheelbarrow, and started the arduous task of making a clean, vertical cut of the upper wall. First, I ran a string between the front and back boundary posts, making a straight line to follow. Then I started digging.

The weather, in October, was hot. The adobe soil was dry and brittle, came off in chunks bigger than a football, which had to be hoisted by hand into the wheelbarrow. Swinging that pick was rough going. Sweat poured out of me in drenching quantities. Not conditioned to this kind of work, I lasted barely an hour the first day. Each day, though, I increased the time until it became a breakfast-to-dinner chore. I don't know how many tons of dirt I hacked out and moved in the wheelbarrow during that month.

It was an eventful morning, on December 7th, when the first load of lumber—1x6 sheeting—hit the dirt with a resounding thud alongside the lot. The carpenter arrived for his first day on the job. Also, three surveyors returned to spot the corners, insets and elevations.

In a couple of hours we had cut and staked out the main batter boards so that, for the first time, I could visualize the future shape of my home. Then came the heart-breaking news. The surveying engineer announced that the upper side of the lot was 18 inches higher than the lower side. I guess I looked a little stunned at this news. And the engineer remained stoically unimpressed by my feeble observation that "the lot looked level enough."

Next morning things looked a little brighter. Ralph brought his pick and shovel and we started hacking into the tough soil. The final levelling project required carving off nine inches off the top half and building up an equal amount on the lower half. To get the man with the horses back to do the job would have meant destroying all our elevations, corners and insets. So we decided to do it by hand, lowering the markers as we came to them.

This levelling and digging trenches for the foundations took us about two weeks, when we laid off a few days for the Christmas holiday. The weather had been too warm and pleasant to last. Christmas day rain started falling and for a week it poured, doing a beautiful job of ruining the nicely carved foundation trenches. Day after day I put on a bathing suit and padded around in the slush, trying to keep the trenches drained, as there could be no more work done until they were dry.

We were back on the job digging, the second week in January. During the digging stages we were entertained each morning by a female pheasant that came down from the adjoining hills to feed on the worms we so obligingly uncovered.

One persistent Tom cat camped for weeks over a favorite gopher hole, frequently leaping for the elusive prey when it showed its head. But one morning the gopher got the cat, a bloody, incisive nip that discouraged the old feline from then on. I lost a small bet on that encounter.

"I told you not to wear that cheap hat in the rain"
AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

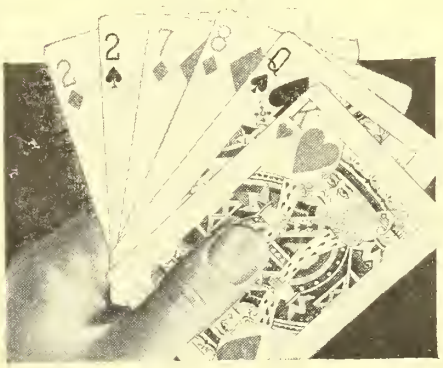
Ralph had contended that the old cat was too slow, no longer hep. As usual, he was right. It takes a lot of diversion for two men just to dig together in the earth, hour after hour, day after day.

Finally we completed the foundation and retaining wall trenches. We built the foundation forms first and poured them on January 15th and 16th. While I shovelled sand, gravel and cement, Ralph started the retaining wall forms, with my help, when needed. Everything seemed to be going along well now, and I was doing a share of all jobs that required an extra man. Plus cleaning up, after everybody else went home!

Because there was so much cement work involved—the foundation, and retaining walls all round except on the street side—I hired Tom Hill, a contractor I had known for years. I didn't ask for a price, just

Men who play cards agree...

IN POKER . . .
chances of improving this hand are better if you draw to the pair instead of to the 4-card flush.



IN CRIBBAGE . . .
holding this hand, the dealer should lay away the 7 and 8 in the crib.

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told him to bring a couple of men and the mixer and go to work. I told him I would help and buy all the sand, gravel and cement. That was my plan throughout the job. All sub-contractors—with but few exceptions—worked on an hourly basis. Not once did I ask for a definite price. I figured that operating on a contract basis would add up to a lot more than hiring men by the hour. This way, they made their standard wages and charged for use of equipment. Everybody was satisfied and happy. We had fun doing it.

What with weather and delays, it was not until February 2nd that Ralph bolted down the redwood mudsills on the foundations, which is the first step of building—up! Meanwhile I stripped the forms and cleaned the lumber with a shovel, stacked it neatly for re-use on sub-floor and *backing*. (Boards to attach kitchen and bathroom fixtures, etc.)

Next came the joists, then sawing and nailing down the sub-floor. It seemed as if thousands of hard-to-get 8-penny galvanized nails went into that floor. Sometimes I had to knock off work, get in my car and drive a hundred miles or more to buy 10 or 15 pounds of nails—just to keep going. Once I returned with only 5 pounds, all I could get. Joe Jahrus and Cotton Rush, of a local lumber mill, cooperated magnificently in supplying my quota of materials, and usually on schedule.

Never in my life have I had so much fun, so much responsibility—such a challenge—as building this house. Often I wonder why more men—with the time and inclination—don't try it. Of course, in my case, if Ralph had not been such a good carpenter, so honest and congenial, I could not have done it and the headaches would have been unbearable.

After the long years of war jobs, plus serving in the Army Air Forces, I needed to do something on my own, be my own boss. Yet, actually, I called Ralph "boss," because he told me what to do most of the time. A veteran of World War I, first Commander of the local American Legion, a carpenter for 25 years, he was well qualified to see me through the project.

On February 12th, we put up the first studs and, from then on, a house commenced to take shape. About that time we miraculously acquired 2,500 feet of tongue and groove knotty pine. Visitors dropped by, covetously eyeing this prize. It was months before any more such hard-to-get lumber arrived in town. Stacked outside but well covered against the weather, this lumber was a constant source of worry—until it was nailed down!

On March 18th, the roof was laid. An hour later rain began to fall. Water would have ruined the ceiling for a natural finish. So it wasn't all headaches.

This was a busy day. In addition to roofers, the unit heating pipes were installed, also the rough-in plumbing. Carl Benson, the plumber, said, "Don, doesn't it make you feel kind of nervous when you think that all these men are costing you at least $25 an hour?" It did. Later I figured that that one day, including labor and materials, cost more than $500. But men and materials were hard to get. You felt lucky to have the jobs done.

Most of the time went by with only Ralph and me working on the job. Except for Mr. Vedder, an old gentleman, a retired railroad man, who reported nearly every afternoon to check on the progress and make suggestions. We called him "Superintendent" because he had an answer to every problem.

For weeks I had pleaded with Lynn Watkins to build the fireplace. He'd shrug his shoulders and say, "Can't buy any bricks." So I went out looking and finally rounded up enough fire, face and common brick to do the job. It was a tough time to build in 1946, but the priority helped and you could usually get materials if you looked hard and long enough. Nowadays materials come a little easier, even without priorities, but they cost more. And labor costs have jumped too.

So on April 16th—things always happened suddenly, with long waits in between—Mr. Watkins drove up at 8 a.m. I had everything ready for him, including a big container of lime putty. He looked grim and said, "Sorry, it's no go today. My hod carrier got drunk last night. He's in jail. But I'll try to make it in the next month or two!" He started to drive off.

I had to think fast. I knew the judge, but that probably wouldn't work. There was only one answer. "Just a minute," I called after him. "I'll be your hod carrier. Let's go to work!"

What was I saying? Anyway, a slow grin crept over his face as he parked his pick-up truck.

"Okay," he said. "You asked for it. But I don't keep hod carriers more than a week. They can't take it."

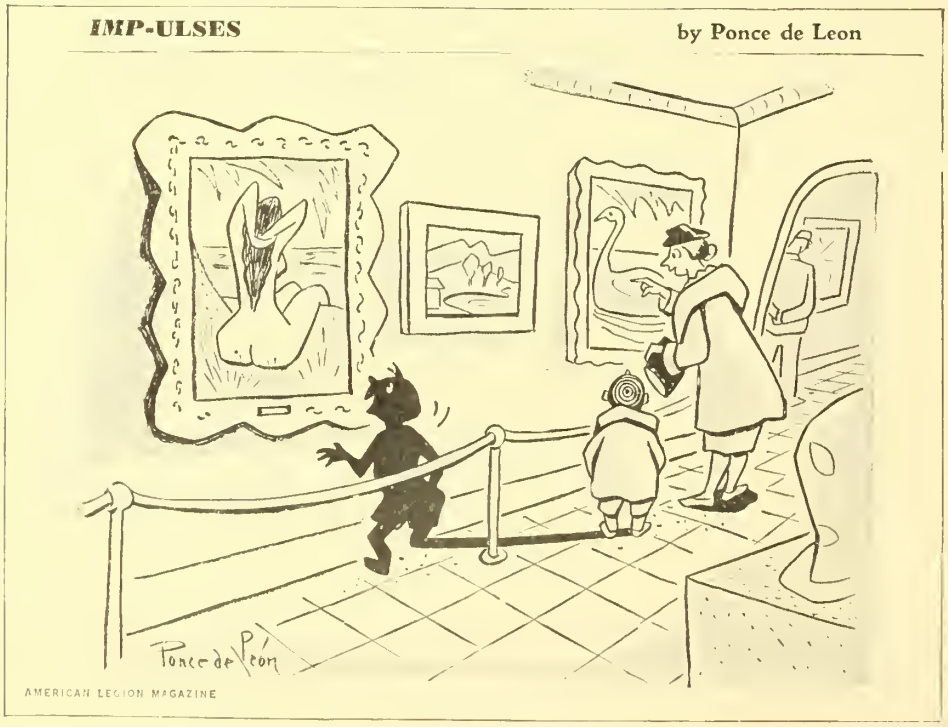
I walked over to Ralph, briefing him on the situation. What he was doing could wait. When I finished explaining the situation he laughed and said, "I've watched Lynn work before, on lots of jobs. He's the fastest brick-layer I've ever seen or ever hope to see. He plants more bricks in three hours than most men lay in eight hours. But, maybe between the two of us, we can keep him going. We'll try."

We *worked* until two o'clock that afternoon, when Lynn called it a day and went home. "I never work a full day," he explained, starting to clean up his trowels. "Don't have to." Ralph and I breathed a sigh of relief. With a thirty-minute respite for lunch, we had mixed more mortar and tossed more bricks in those five and a half hours than is currently customary in a two-day work period.

"What's the matter with you guys?" Lynn would say, while our tongues drooped, practically speechless. "I'm all out of mortar"—or bricks, as the case might be. Then he would launch into a long philosophical discussion about the futility of work when he already had enough money to last him all his life.

The next day Lynn only worked until noon. But that was long enough. He had finished the job. When he came to the top of the chimney, he said, "Do you want me to 'soldier' this—or what?" I didn't know what he was talking about, so suggested that he just put a top on it.

How much easier it would have been if I had not decided to be my own contractor. Decisions, always decisions. "How do you want this—that?" Sometimes I



knew what I wanted, but often I didn't. Good old Ralph, he always knew, if I didn't. He'd done all this 25 times before. I was just a dumb neophyte on this job.

Yet it was amazing—mostly to myself—how many fairly good ideas and decisions I did concoct. But most of these alleged good ideas had to be dreamed up and pondered well in advance of the crucial moment of decisions. After all, you can't keep high-priced men standing around waiting for you to make up your mind.

Progress seemed slow, and all types of materials were hard to get, but each new addition was an event. Other houses in the neighborhood, with full crews working, went up much faster, yet this was the way I wanted to do it. All through the job there was a snowballing sense of accomplishment in spite of the slowness.

Naturally, I use the term—build it yourself—with reservations. Without Ralph, a master carpenter, I couldn't have done it without headaches that no amount of aspirin could dull.

Speaking of trouble, the building activities caused a big stir among the small fry of the neighborhood. For some of them it was a brand new experience, watching a house grow before their eyes. In addition to the noise and big-time drama of the spectacle, there were innumerable blocks of wood to satisfy their own creative urges.

At first I was quite tolerant, because I like kids, have a daughter of my own. Some of their remarks and questions were amusing. But as time went on, they began to get in our way—not to mention our hair—and I had to lay down strict rules, boundaries and time for play.

Finally I had to issue strict orders that no child was to come on the premises after I left the job. Also I enlisted the cooperation of the parents. The worst offender, a five-year-old boy, promptly decided that I was "an old meany." Even after I had promoted him to the status of "policeman—to guard and protect my premises!"

The climax came one morning when I arrived on the job to find my newly-poured red front porch all smeared with *white* paint. After hours the youngster had sneaked over, located a can of white paint and proceeded to dribble it all the way from the kitchen, through the living room, out the front door to the porch. There, all over the red cement, he had a field day!

Now, every time I look out the front picture window, I am sadly reminded of this cataclysm, along with this indelibly inscribed junior footprints on one of the sidewalks. However, in my more philosophical moods, I try to remember that high school kids traditionally use more colorful paint for worse purposes, and that even the famous people of Hollywood are guilty of recording their hand and footprints in front of Grauman's Chinese theater for the benefit of posterity.

Building a house is a lot like fitting a jigsaw puzzle together. There are certain pieces that, in sequence, must be in place before other sections can be installed. For example, the bathroom fixtures should be set after linoleum or asphalt tile is laid on the floor, so that the flooring won't have to be cut around the base of the fixtures.

One evening the plumbers called to say that the rest of the fixtures had arrived and they could install them the next day. With no linoleum or asphalt tile in sight, I asked if they could postpone the job for about a week. The answer was indefinite, might be a month or two before they could re-schedule the job. So I took a chance and told them to come the next afternoon.

Next morning I called on the linoleum people. They were sorry, still had no unsold stock on hand. I stalled, explained the emergency of the situation, but to no avail. As I started to leave, one of the workers came in, said that he had a "tiff" with a customer and she had cancelled her order. I asked to see the rejected linoleum and asphalt tile and, to my amazement, the colors would work in beautifully. Result: the plumbers only had to sit on the retaining wall for half an hour while the tile was laid in the bathroom. A short time later there was linoleum on the kitchen floor. This split-second timing in getting materials—being at the right place at the right time—worked out an astonishing number of times. The carpenter remarked, "I guess you must live right—or something!"

Early in June an Englishman named H. C. Davis came to lay tile in the kitchen, bathroom and shower. On the 11th we could lock the garage doors for the first time, so that Ralph could leave his heavy tool kit on the job instead of carting it home every night.

On July 2nd, Ralph took a week off and I was on my own again. Plenty to do. I hired a professional painter for a few days to learn the technique. Then I carried on by myself, doing all the painting inside and out. I must have saved more than $1,000 on painting alone. But don't think it wasn't a job cleaning the windows afterward.

From then on the final jobs got done gradually. Hardwood floors, electrical fixtures, venetian blinds, gas and electrical connections. Ralph came back for the finish-up jobs—installing knotty pine siding on the ocean side wall of the garage, setting the long-awaited-for medicine cabinet of special size, and other items.

It seemed strange when Ralph packed up his tool kit for the last time on this job. I got some beer out of the refrigerator and we sat in the garage reminiscing about some of the larger headaches we had encountered during the building process. We agreed that he had built a pretty fine house!

With all the dozens of little finish-up jobs to complete on my own, I knew I would be busy for a few weeks longer. I hated to see Ralph go, because I think

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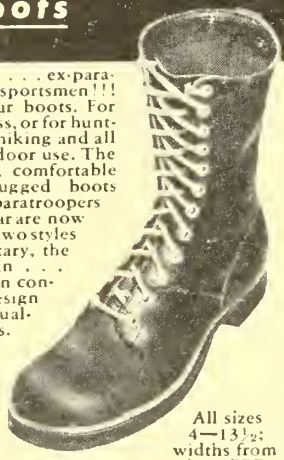

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he got as much fun out of building my house and being his own boss as I did.

Not until October 5th was everything in readiness for the house-warming, which was a major celebration. Friends milled about the house throughout the evening, asking many questions, availability of materials and all. Many of the guests were dreaming up their new homes for the future. They wanted to know all the answers. But the best advice I could offer was to try and balance the headaches of building with the ultimate satisfaction of owning your own home. They could draw their own conclusions.

And that goes for the reader, too. But in actually building your own home there are a number of factors worth considering. First, you save the equivalent of your own time on the job. Hiring another man to do the same work would cost from ten to twenty dollars a day. Second, you save 10 to 15 percent on all building costs—labor, materials, insurance, fixtures, everything. This is the usual fee charged by contractors operating on a cost-plus basis. Third, you realize the small discounts allowed on bills, also on certain materials and fixtures, when you do your own buying. Fourth, you save by just being on the job.

So, when your plans are completed and the finance company gives you a green light, and you sit down to make out a list of tools to buy, don't forget to include a large bottle of aspirin! THE END

ALL AT SEA WITH BASS TACKLE

(*Continued from page 25*)

little fish and bring him in?"

No response. This fellow was too busy.

When the fish was way yonder, he came out again in one of those head-shaking lunges into the air. The rod straightened. The fish and part of the line were gone. With a sort of sickly smile my friend said: "It's all over. Just like an Atlantic salmon." Then he added, "Anyway, I didn't break my rod." I might add that no nine-pound salmon could bully this man.

The snook and the tarpon are the two head men in this salt water game. A tarpon weighing ten or fifteen pounds will put on a show you will never forget and if you happen to hook a big one and land him, you can talk about it the rest of your life. If you get a jumping fish he will jump himself to death and you have a chance. If he runs you put on another plug and start over again.

Last year my wife landed a thirty-five pound tarpon on a five-ounce rod. I hope I never have to go through that again. The fish jumped thirteen times. Every time he came out near the boat she screamed. Then she would laugh until it bordered on hysterics while she fought him. Up he would come again and we'd have all that to go through once more.

The largest tarpon I ever caught on bass-tackle probably weighed seventy-five pounds. We don't take them out of the water, but we measure them as they lie exhausted alongside the boat and I have caught a number that measured five feet or better. That's too big for comfort. We release them as quickly as we can for two reasons—they are not a food fish and you can get hurt monkeying with a big tarpon.

Ted Williams says he can land one of the big ones on a fly rod, and maybe he can. Don't think that batting a baseball out of the lot for the Boston Red Sox is the only thing that boy can do well. He's a good fly-rod man. He has caught plenty of ten-pound and fifteen-pound tarpon in the canals and we tried for some of the big boys but luck wasn't with us.

"If I can hook one I can land him," he insisted. "I know darn well I can."

That is much of the battle and if Ted gets a jumping fish he may do it. He had to start playing baseball last spring before the big fish were ready to take. This year, maybe. Tarpon are not as inclined to run as are snook, but if one runs there is no way to stop him with bass tackle, either fly-rod or casting-rod. It just can't be done. Catching tarpon or snook in the canals and out in the broad waters where they can really perform are two different things.

As you cruise down into the islands you may take bluefish and don't think that those gentlemen are not tough customers on a bass rod. Or you may get into a school of mackerel and have plenty of fast fun. Trout will hit your plug and splash and foam the water until you get them in. Of course this fish isn't a trout, but a spotted weakfish. A Florida cracker wouldn't know what you were talking about if you called this battler by his right name; so no one does. In Florida he's a trout.

Back farther in the maze of channels, bays and islands you'll take an occasional grouper. That is, you'll take him if he doesn't get into a hole in the rocks or under some root along the mangroves. He'll take a deep-running plug and probably keep it. Mangrove snappers will take a small spoon or a feather and sometimes they will hit a plug. They don't break water but they put up a stiff fight. Many people claim they are the top food fish of the Islands. I still vote for snook.

The far-famed channel bass of the Virginia coast is down there too, but we call him a redfish. Ten or twelve pounds of redfish with your plug in his mouth will give you plenty to do. This fish doesn't jump, but he knows all the other tricks and he has as much staying power as any fish should have. He'll wear you down and satisfy you when you get him on the table.

There are a couple of tough customers that don't rate high as food fish, but they do things at the end of your line. The first is called a ladyfish. I give you my word that this fish hasn't any of the characteristics of a lady. Well, she *is* a trim-built package, long and thin, and she is pretty to look at, but on your hook she's a wild maniac. She is airminded to the *n*th degree, and fast! This fish will shoot out of water as you set the hook and before you realize that she is back in again she will be out on the other side of the boat, around it and under it and maybe over it.

Jacks are the pests of the sport. Crevalle is the last name. If we didn't have all these other grand game fish we would boast about jack crevalles. They will hit when nothing else is in the notion. They hit hard and fight hard. You will swear that a four-pound jack is a ten-pounder until you get him into the boat. The ten-pounders you will hate. They just won't come in. I got into a school of jacks running from eight to twelve pounds and when it was over my knuckles were all skinned and bleeding from having the reel-handle jerk over them, and I had lost some hard-to-get plugs. And you talk about bass and "pound for pound!" I like to fish for bass, either large-mouth or small-mouth—they are both pets of mine. But they do not rate alongside these salt water fins.

There is another point worth mentioning. When you fish in ocean water you need no license. There is no size limit, bag limit or closed season and the fish are there and willing every month of the year.

Wherever fishermen gather there is always someone bemoaning his luck because the big one got away. It should ever be thus. The big one is most likely to get away and any fisherman should feel sorry when he loses an unusual fish.

One Thursday the fellow I fish with and I were doing right well with snook and redfish. We were in a sheltered bay where the water was deep and the fish were willing. No one had thought of tarpon. We hadn't seen one roll all day. I was in the bow of the skiff and my friend was in the stern, where he operated the outboard motor, when we decided to move on.

"I think we had better call it a day," I said.

"One more cast," he replied.

The plug shot high and plopped into the water right at the edge of the mangroves. It was a surface-disturbing affair, and as it was reeled in with short jerks it popped and gurgled and darted this way and that. Just as the rod raised to lift it out, the water exploded, spraying both of us. A big tarpon had that plug.

He came out of the water right alongside the skiff, going high in the air and splashed down again, rocking the boat dangerously and soaking us with a sheet of water. Under the boat he shot and out he came on the other side in another breath-taking jump. Then he was gone and the plug lay floating on the water. I looked at my friend. He was white around the gills.

"Did you see his eye?" he asked. "It was as big as a teacup. Man! Am I glad he got away!" THE END

"No wonder we switched to this trail!"

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Well-knit Betty Hutton will next be seen in Paramount's *Dream Girl*

Ex-Corporal Lon McCallister, our Vet-of-the-Month, wants to write

Do the Movies Sell America Short?

Needed, says our Hollywood reporter, are films which will make us proud to be Americans and which will present us in a truer light abroad and at home

By R. WILSON BROWN

SINCE THE CONGRESSIONAL COMMITTEE on Un-American Activities started looking into commie operations in Hollywood a few months ago the red comrades and their dupes have been innocently asking:

"Have *you* ever seen a motion picture which might make you a communist?"

The chances are you haven't, so you are supposed to conclude that of course the commies are a harmless lot so far as the motion picture industry is concerned.

But we think there's another angle concerning commie action in filmdom which Representative J. Parnell Thomas and his associates overlooked, and we respectfully submit it for the industry's attention.

Knowing how devious our commie friends are, isn't it just barely possible that instead of trying to sell us the Russian way of life—a hopeless task at best—they concentrate on selling America short?

Please don't get us wrong. By this we don't mean such goofy operations as one witness described before the Committee, telling how a certain fellow traveler advised actors playing a rich man's part to look decadent. We mean bigger things, primarily the selection and handling of story material to present a distorted and highly uncomplimentary picture of American life to audiences abroad.

We are all familiar with the fact that many foreigners look upon us as a people without culture, interested only in showy material things. In many quarters, notably in *Pravda*, and other Soviet publications, we are held up as a nation of bandits and gangsters. So, to furnish grist to this mill, Hollywood obliges by grinding out pictures which show us in just this light. We, and the rest of the world, are treated to films glorifying our foremost thugs. Life in the United States takes on the appearance of a constant game of cops and robbers, and the center of all community life seems to be the "big house," full of misunderstood chaps with hearts of gold.

For some years now we have been trying to persuade Latin Americans that we are really good neighbors. In the face of this we persist in portraying our friends to the south as (a) sleep-loving peons and (b) fabulously rich folks who

Robert Young and Marguerite Chapman go West in Columbia's *Relentless*

spend all their time in Latinized versions of Ciro's and the Brown Derby. The Latins, quite understandably, don't like such distortions.

Maybe the commies have nothing at all to do with such monkeyshines. However, if they don't, they couldn't ask for better co-operation.

What's the answer? Well the answer is all about us, in the things that really made this country great. And the funny thing is, Hollywood ought to know it, even by box-office standards. They should be able to remember the records established by *Cimarron*, *Gone with the Wind*, *Drums Along the Mohawk*, *Northwest Passage*, and other good American

pictures. In the face of this experience, why do the movie moguls persist in whipping out American history in the form of tough-guy dramas staged largely in technicolored saloons of the past? For that matter we feel it's just possible that there are more important figures in our history than certain well-known writers and singers of popular songs.

England, in this respect, does things better. I can't recall ever having seen a British-made film which did not leave me with a higher regard for the traditions and the people of the "tight little isle."

It's your move, Hollywood.

* * *

We like to see the kids get ahead. That's why the selection this month is 20-year-old Lon McCallister who didn't amount to much until the war suggested *Stage Door Canteen* and he was picked for the role of *California*. As a juvenile he had done minor roles in a number of pictures, but it was *Stage Door Canteen* in 1943 that put him on top. After that, he did *Home In Indiana, Winged Victory, The Red House, Thunder In The Valley,* and *Summer Lightning*. A native of Los Angeles where he is now enrolled in Chapman College majoring in English, Lon's ambition is to act for seven more years and then take a boat trip around the world while writing a novel. He is 5 feet 6, 130 pounds, serious, single, likes to sleep late and is usually accompanied by his Great Dane. He entered the Army on Jan. 26, 1944, as a private and was discharged on Dec. 21, 1945, as a corporal. During that time he served in the Signal Corps, Air Corps and Air Transport Command in the U. S., Canada and Alaska.

* * *

On the Warner bulletin board I saw this call sheet: "60 extras—30 male and 30 female—9 a. m.—Stage 6. Scene: spooning. petting and excursion boat in the moonlight."

* * *

When Deanna Durbin finished *Up In Central Park*, she began *White House Girl*, the U-I comedy of a switchboard operator in Washington . . . Cary Grant's first British picture will be *The Devil's Delight* . . . Arthur Schwartz and Howard Dietz will do the music for John Gunther's *Inside U.S.A.* . . . Danny Thomas will be the lead in M-G-M's *Broadway Melody of 1949* which will be out in 1948 . . . *Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House* will star Cary Grant, Myrna Loy and Melvyn Douglas . . . Judy Garland, Gene Kelly and Peter Lawford are set for "Easter Parade" . . . When Bob Hope finishes *The Paleface* he'll do *Sorrowful Jones*, the character creation of the late Damon Runyon . . . Rory Calhoun, Rhonda Fleming, Paul Kelly and John Abbott are in *Adventure Island*, based upon Robert Louis Stevenson's *Ebb Tide* . . . Margaret O'Brien had to learn to sing, do impersonations, and speak with Irish, Italian and Yiddish accents in M-G-M's *The Big City* . . . You'll be seeing Betty Hutton next in Paramount's *Dream Girl*.

* * *

The will of the late Charles Butterworth provided $5,000 for the Hollywood Guild to use in its veteran rehabilitation program.

* * *

Southern California showmen and the American Legion have combined to fight juvenile delinquency. The showmen bought a building on the east side from the Woodrow Wilson Post No. 317 to use as a boy's club and recreation center for 2,000 kids of all races, creeds and classes. Purchase and equipment are expected to come to $100,000 of which the Legionnaires have already contributed $10,000. The Variety Club took on the job of remodeling and hope to have the place open this month. The club will have a gym, showers, game room, craft shops and a library.

* * *

A movie called *Bill and Coo*, in which the entire cast consists of 273 love birds, one crow, one guinea pig, two horned toads, and assorted monkeys, kittens, chipmunks and baby alligators, will soon be released by Republic. Except for a brief prologue by Ken Murray and some comment by the script girl, there are no humans in this full-length film.

Darryl Zanuck had planned *The Iron Curtain* for release last October. But despite the fact that writers have been on the job since last May, they still have a long way to go. And there are other problems. You see, this is an expose of the activities of Russian agents operating in the U. S., Canada and other countries, and the touchiness of the subject is another factor for the deterred progress. Then, too, there has been some opposition to its filming in certain Canadian governmental quarters.

* * *

Olga San Juan, last seen in *Variety Girl*, has been called "The Midriff" because she has worn a bare midriff outfit in each of her pictures. Now, in her last three films, she changed her hair from black to reddish brown to golden blonde which caused a friend to tag her "The girl with the convertible top."

* * *

Don't come here expecting to have a look on the inside. Studios got together, decided that the interruptions caused by visitors were affecting efficiency, and agreed that henceforth all requests for visits must clear the publicity departments of the studios whose decisions shall be final. And, so they won't run the risk of saying "yes" to the wrong people and "no" to the right people, they are saying "no" to them all. THE END

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WILL HEART DISEASE GET YOU?

(*Continued from page 21*)

ing the pregnancy are slim. In any case there is a strong likelihood she will die before she is forty. Excuse me if I repeat—nearly a million children have this disease. Yet few of their parents can afford the endless months of convalescence needed to give the child its best chance.

Look at another common heart killer. You, yourself, develop high blood pressure. Nobody, in your case, knows why. You are only 34. You may or may not know about it. But suddenly after a hearty meal, a blood vessel bursts in your brain. Apoplexy. You may die instantly. You may survive until the next attack with one side paralyzed. Or, depending more on luck than science, you may last a long time. Your friends say, "Hear about Joe? He had a stroke." Your doctor says, "Take it easy, quit work."

Or you may be older. At 50 the walls of your arteries may have begun to thicken, and lose their elasticity. Again, nobody knows why. But as you hurry for a train you have a frightening pressure in the chest accompanied by increasing pain that is presently agonizing. You are drenched in perspiration. You lie on a bench in the station with a crowd staring at you. Someone calls a doctor and you are taken to a hospital. Diagnosis: coronary thrombosis—a blood clot in your heart. Treatment? "Take it easy old man." You may get over it and be all right until the next one comes.

Against the heart and blood conduit system there is a gang of more than 30 different assassins at work, directing their attention to weakening the big heart muscle, injuring the valves of the heart, or impairing the arteries and arterioles.

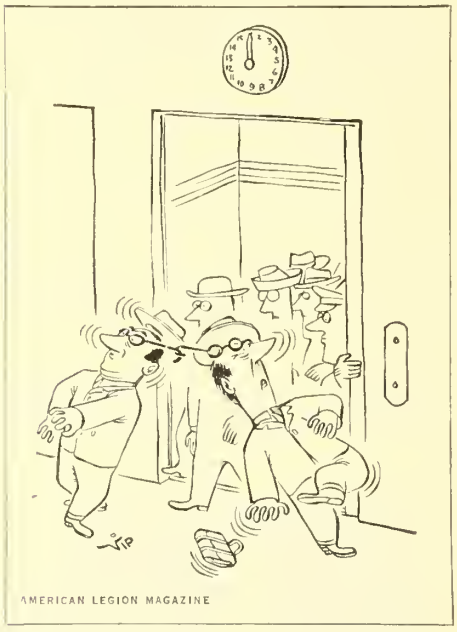
We can take rheumatic fever (with rheumatic heart disease) first. Alone, it ranks with tuberculosis and syphilis as a major chronic disease. It is responsible for about 40 percent of all heart disease, and more than 90 percent of childhood heart disease. Throughout the country today it causes *five times as many deaths as infantile paralysis, diphtheria, scarlet fever, cerebral meningitis, measles, and whooping cough combined.*

Children are more likely to come down with it at six, seven, or eight than they are after twelve or fourteen. In the course of the disease half the victims show St. Vitus dance, and more than half exhibit the symptoms of heart involvement. One of the worst things about it is that one attack is not apt to be the last. In two-thirds of the cases it comes back—often again and again.

T. Duckett Jones collected data on 986 rheumatic fever patients ten years after the first attack. Of that group 230 had died. Among the living 470 had heart impairment and for 344 of those the heart disease limited their way of life. Of the entire 986 there were 313 who were normal people leading normal lives. On the brighter side we shouldn't forget that. A third were normal ten years after. But a fifth were dead and a third lived limited lives.

Violent accidents kill more children than any other one cause. After that comes rheumatic fever. It's not a pretty picture.

But rheumatic fever is not by any means confined to childhood. During the last war 40,000 men were incapacitated by it; to care for them adequately during the rest of the years they live, and to look out for their families after they die, is going to take many millions of dollars, considerably more than has been spent in learning how to anticipate or cure the disease.



How does rheumatic fever weaken the heart? It affects the tissue of the heart valves, leaving them scarred, and less able to do their important and amazingly perfect work. In the same way it weakens the great heart muscle.

Sometimes the scarred and weakened valves of the heart do not fit together perfectly. If between them there is any opening, even as thin as a sheet of paper, it is already too late to do anything about it.

The American Legion got into the heart disease picture through attempting to help children of living and dead Legionnaires. The prevalence of rheumatic fever and rheumatic heart disease was shocking; so was the fact that so little was known about its extent, its course, its nature, its results, and proper care for its victims. Here was a need that went beyond anything the Legion could do.

But a beginning could be made. Contributions were in order to further medical research where it was so badly needed, in rheumatic fever and also in the other phases of the killer's ravages. In 1946 the Legion contributed $50,000 to the American Heart Association, organized to coordinate and direct various efforts to combat heart disease in all its different forms. And important as that contribution is, it's hardly more than a drop in the bucket of the funds that are needed.

Rheumatic fever is still a relatively "new" killer, in point of recognition. It was first proclaimed to be a terrible disease of childhood as recently as 1890, instead of being classed as a malady of "adolescents and young adults."

By 1930 it was noted that rheumatic fever usually followed, after a gap of two or three weeks, colds or other throat troubles in which a particular bacterium called streptococcus hemolyticus was present. Today the connection is generally accepted—but even now nobody knows why it exists. In some cases of strep sore throats and other diseases (scarlet fever, tonsilitis, and so on) rheumatic fever follows, and in others it doesn't. Nor does anybody yet know why.

One promising research at New York University by Dr. Samuel Schlamowitz—a project financed, incidentally, by Legion funds—is investigating chemical changes which occur in the blood stream of rheumatic fever patients. It is even hoped (but as yet no more than that) that through these investigations the presence of rheumatic fever can presently be detected *before it makes its appearance*, by certain specific blood analyses. If that can be done, preventive treatment may be given that will head it off.

During the past 25 years only a single research in rheumatic fever has received continuous support—the one at the Rockefeller Institute.

But what is the proper care for rheumatic fever? How can recurrences of it be avoided? Is susceptibility to it definitely hereditary, as Dr. May Wilson, a leading authority on the subject believes?

And how can a wrong diagnosis of it be avoided? In one county of New York State, 16 percent of all school children are being treated as heart disease cases; in an adjoining county the percentage of children so diagnosed and treated is zero! The difference is in the diagnosis, not in the children. And the fault is not so much with the doctors as with the small body of knowledge available to help them with their decisions.

It is already believed that rheumatic fever children who under adverse conditions can look forward only to a life of suffering and early death can, with exactly the right care, be protected and brought back almost to normal.

Let's move to Killer Number Two, high blood pressure, or "hypertension." As you walk down the street, every sixth or seventh man of middle age you see is suffering from it in some degree. If you are not, you are just lucky.

It comes from the fact that the tiny arterioles in your blood circulation system, tighten up. The effect is like screwing a smaller nozzle onto the garden hose: the pressure in the hose itself, because the outlet is more restricted, immediately rises. So does the blood pressure in your larger arteries, threatening, if it's high enough, a blow-out somewhere in the system, perhaps a hemorrhage in the brain.

What causes it? In a few cases, apparently, it stems from kidney troubles. In others it may be a matter of heredity. There is evidence that nervous strain, worry and anxiety can play some part in it. But in the majority of cases, as with rheumatic fever, *nobody knows.*

So, except for the generalities about food and drink and rest and exercise, *nobody can yet tell you how the killer is to be avoided.*

In recent years an operation on the sympathetic nervous system, known as a *sympathectomy* has in many cases relieved hypertension. But why should the sympathetic nervous system tighten up the arterioles? And under precisely what conditions? *Nobody knows.*

Next we come to hardening of the arteries. What a killer that is! Of 25 million persons in the country over 50 years of age, 15 million (60 percent) will die of heart or brain or kidney disease based on arteriosclerosis often associated with high blood pressure. Arteriosclerosis is the high hat name for hardening of the arteries. You, when you get there, will very likely be one of the majority.

But just why will your arteries harden? *Nobody yet knows.*

In part, of course, the process of ageing in itself tends to make the arterial walls less elastic, just as it makes bones more brittle. But that is obviously only a part of the answer. Why do the arteries harden, on the average, 10 to 15 years earlier in men than in women? And why does it manifest itself in some men when they are only 20, and in others at 40 or 60, and in some not until 80?

No one, as yet, has the answers. We can again blame heredity, in part, as in hypertension—but what else goes into the hardening process? *We don't know and we aren't finding out very fast.*

"But look here," you may have been thinking, "if these heart troubles are anywhere near as widespread and as dangerous as all this, why haven't I heard more about them?"

That's the main point of this article—that, and the crying need for research, which costs a lot of money, to give us more information about, and understanding of, such acute dangers.

There is no point in writing all this just to be spectacular, or simply to scare the reader. But we are all too phlegmatic about heart disease. We accept it as one of the gambles of life. Yet with a different public attitude and with more public con-

Advertisement

From where I sit *by* Joe Marsh

Sam Hackney Reports on the U.S.A.

Sam Hackney and the missus just returned from a trailer trip around the country. They're tired, and glad to be home, but mighty impressed with what they saw.

As Sam reports—every section has something different; a different way of talking; different tastes in food and drink; different laws and customs. But bigger than all these differences is the American spirit of tolerance that lets us live united in peace.

"Of course," says Sam, "you run into intolerance *from time to time. Individuals who criticize another's right to speak his mind; enjoy a glass of beer; or work at any trade he chooses. But those are the exceptions —and we're even tolerant of them!"*

From where I sit, more of us ought to make a trip like the Hackneys—to realize firsthand how much bigger America is than its many differences . and how *tolerance* of all those differences is just the very thing that makes us strong.

Joe Marsh

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cern for action many forms of cardiovascular disease might become controllable.

The fact is that until the last fifteen years the importance of heart and arterial disease has been largely unrecognized by both the public and the medical profession. Even now, the knowledge of how many hundreds of thousands of deaths the heart killer causes is still spreading slowly. And as for research, heart disease has been treated up to now, and is still being treated, as medicine's unloved stepchild.

In some phases of the killer's work the Life Insurance Medical Research Fund is underwriting more than 50 researches. At Vanderbilt University, for instance, Dr. John Burch is transplanting tiny blood vessels from a monkey's internal works to the forward portion of the eye, where they can be closely studied. This is to learn more about hypertension. At the University of Georgia, Dr. W. A. Hamilton is studying the elasticity of arteries. And so on.

Still the heart detectives on the killer's trail are few and far between. There are today in the country 2,564 accredited eye specialists. There are 3,988, ear, nose and throat specialists. But up to last March there were only 360 specialists in cardiovascular diseases.

Your children's future, and your own, are definitely endangered until more is known on how, in his evil mugging, the heart disease killer gets his results. As one specialist writes concerning hypertension: "With high blood pressure it is wise to use moderation in everything, to avoid chronic fatigue, over-eating and overweight, to cultivate calmness without worrying and to *hope* that research will soon find a better remedy."

Exactly the same thing may be said about arteriosclerosis and rheumatic fever.

The American Heart Association, at 1790 Broadway, New York 19, was started in 1922. In 1944 it sponsored a conference that resulted in a Council on Rheumatic Fever. Last Spring saw the formation of the Helen Hay Whitney Foundation for rheumatic fever research.

To see how much more money the AHA needs for heart disease research, if the killer is really to be arrested, look at these figures, and then paste 'em up on the wall:

In 1940, $525 was available for each case of infantile paralysis; $2.13 for each cancer case, and *17 cents* for each heart disease patient. In 1945 the amounts contributed to leading health associations worked out as follows: To the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, $13,490.72 for each death from polio; to the National Tuberculosis Association, $292.92 for each death from T.B.; to the American Cancer Society, $22.54 for each death from cancer; and to the American Heart Association, *seven cents* for each death from heart disease.

Brother, do you want to live?

THE END

THE UNDECLARED WAR ON GREECE

(*Continued from page 13*)

Majesty, but there was no immediate solution to offer. I had never seen him so worried but so determined. When I left, he was still standing in front of the window, deep in thought. That's the last time I saw him alive.

The communists began plotting their campaign in Greece long before the war ended. The communist-sponsored underground army, known as ELAS, had secured a large amount of military equipment from the Allies and over 1,000,000 gold sovereigns. When the Germans started their retreat from Greece, the ELAS, eager to concentrate on seizing the government, readily entered into signed pacts with the German commanders, guaranteeing them a safe withdrawal, inviting the German soldiers to join their ranks.

Instead of pursuing the retreating Germans, the ELAS massed their forces around Athens and tried to grab the government. It was a bold gamble for high stakes. It failed. But in its failing, how many innocent people paid for this hordendous crime with their lives!

Its coup having been unsuccessful, the sixth column now devised a new technique: sustained propaganda plus guerrilla war. Pamphlets, posters, books, and radio messages were brought into play, with the basic propaganda idea founded on abuse of the word "democracy." Slogans such as "Death to the British, Death to the Greek leaders," were smeared across walls and, later in the campaign, a full-scale hue and cry was raised against "American imperialism." I remember one slogan that was painted across the side of a house: "Griswold is Gauleiter of Greece." (Dwight Griswold is chairman of the U. S. aid mission in Greece.) The propaganda program included also a campaign to stir the sympathies of liberals the world over by picturing the communist guerrillas as oppressed democrats and innocent victims of a tyrannical government.

Riding the wave of sympathy stirred up by this propaganda, these "oppressed democrats" poured over Greece's northern borders, into the villages of Macedonia. The details of the massacre of the inhabitants of these villages are known to the world. Even today, villages are being burned to the ground, dead and wounded left in the streets. According to figures compiled by the Greek Minister of Public Order, the communists have killed 45,214 civilians, over and above the loss of life in the armed forces. Casualties among the civilian population number over 100,000. But there is much more to the picture than that: guerrilla warfare is spreading terror over the countryside. The peasants have abandoned the tilling of the land and are flocking to the towns for protection. In a population of about eight million, there are 250,000 refugees. Public works along highways were mined and blown up. Buildings were indiscriminately dynamited. All movable property was looted. Unsurmountable problems of housing and feeding the destitute refugees have some how to be tackled by local authorities. The whole effort of reconstruction has been greviously impaired.

The guerrillas themselves have mostly been recruited from among the population which, in pre-war days, was scattered along the northern border of Greece. A few thousand of this group are Slav-speaking. Greece could have exchanged this population in the mid-twenties, but, in a spirit of clemency, did not do so. The generosity of the Greek people was repaid in the most shocking manner. Almost all of this alien group served as henchmen of the Nazis during the occupation of Greece by the Axis. Thirty thousand enrolled in the political clubs established by the Bulgarians in the Greek territory which they controlled. When the Nazis retreated from Greece these collaborationists followed in their wake, in order to escape punishment as war criminals. They now return to Greece as champions of "democracy."

These guerrilla bands also include members of the former Bulgarian secret police, who, at the time when they were closely collaborating with the Germans, were known as *Okhrana*. In addition, these bands contain common criminals who were let out of the prisons by ELAS; about 5,000 of these ex-prisoners sought refuge in Yugoslavia after their unsuccessful uprising. They were concentrated in the Bulkes camp which has been called a "military academy of terrorism." There is also a small group of men who were impressed into the guerrilla bands under penalty of death for them and their kin.

The guerrillas use a wide assortment of war supplies, mainly of British and German make. The German origin of some of the weapons is self-explanatory. As far as the British material is concerned, I would like to remind you of the reports which appeared recently in the international press to the effect that the Soviet Union had supplied Tito's army with new weapons. The weapons made available during the war by the Allied Command to Tito's army were turned over to the guerrilla bands operating in Greece. It should be added that all the material supplied by the Allied Command to the ELAS was carefully stored in caches throughout Greece and is also used by the guerrillas. I have seen the arms, uniforms, forage-caps and ammunition which were taken from guerrillas who were killed or taken prisoner, and many pieces of this equipment bear Yugoslavian markings or the stamp of the hammer and sickle.

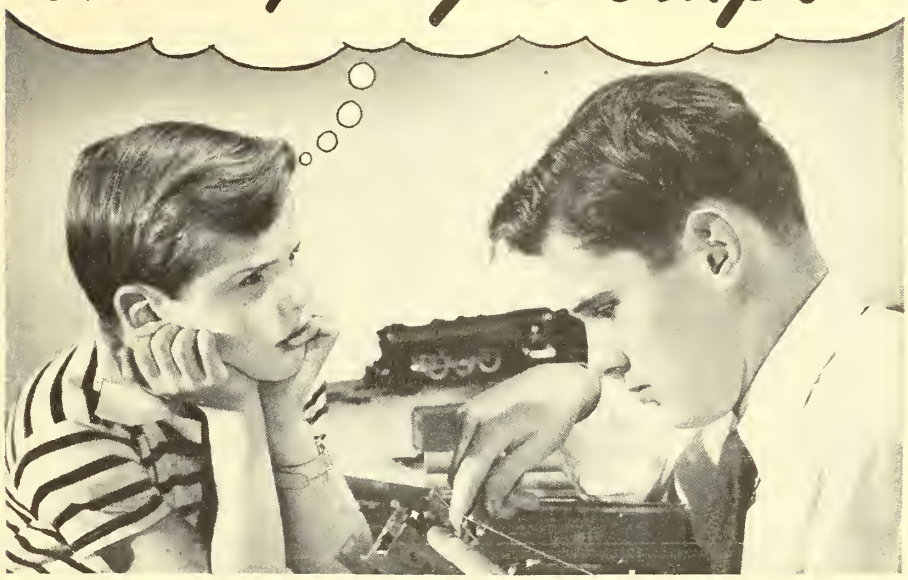
But despite the terror and destruction which the guerrillas have spread across our land, the communist master minds have found no way of reaching the objective which they prize the most—the spirit of the Greek people. Recently, I went on a tour of the entire area that has been hardest hit by the communist bands—Thrace, Western Thrace, Macedonia and Western Macedonia. Representatives of both the English and American press were in my party. Everywhere I went I found large groups of farmers, assembled to discuss their problems with me, eager to let me know how they felt about the guerrillas and what they had done to their property and families. Women in mourning were a common sight. It was thrilling to hear these people say, almost to a man, that they would hold their ground and resist the communist raiders, these people who had already suffered so terribly during the Axis war and who certainly deserve the luxury of peace.

Where do the guerrillas come from? How are they trained and armed? What motivates them? The whole world knows the answers to these questions as a result of the thorough investigation conducted on the spot by an international commission established by the Security Council: "Yugoslavia and to a lesser extent Bulgaria and Albania are supporting guerrilla warfare in Greece." The Commission has indicated that Greece's northern neighbors are acting in unison and with singleness of purpose. It is only accidental that Yugoslavia, because of her geographical situation is taking a more important part. I have examined the coordination of the activities of these three countries and their collaboration, aimed at the enslavement of Greece, is so complete that I can only conclude that their action is not disapproved by the one nation which could stop this aggression by raising its hand.

The bonds of friendship between Greece and Yugoslavia, wrought in common struggle, have been loosened by the reckless policies of Tito's dictatorial regime. As early as October, 1944, Yugoslavia openly stated her aim to interfere in Greece's internal affairs. On November 6 of that year, General Milovan Djilas, intimate political collaborator of Marshal Tito, delivered an official speech in Belgrade in which he said that in Greece there was not a sufficiently strong force to organize a serious and efficient resistance to the government's chauvinistic policy which "is aiming to subject to terror *our* Macedonian population." In plain words, he was calling for a rebellion in Greece proper—and this, just a few weeks after the Nazis had evacuated our country. Almost one month to the day after Gen. Djilas' speech, on the 3rd day of December, the communist uprising took place in Athens.

After the rebellion had been quelled, the insurrectionists escaped into Yugo-

oh-oh, Dry Scalp!



"... **WHAT A BROTHER!** He can fix everything—but his own hair! His hair is dull and tangled . . . it never looks combed. Look at that loose dandruff . . . he's got Dry Scalp. Here's where *I* can help *him!* I'll tell him about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic!"

Hair looks better... scalp feels better... when you check Dry Scalp

BELIEVE IT OR NOT, this is the same man. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic can help *you*, too! For better-looking hair, a better-feeling scalp, try a few drops a day . . . It checks loose dandruff and other signs of Dry Scalp. Remember, 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. Use it also with massage before every shampoo. It gives double care . . . to both scalp and hair . . . and it's more economical than other hair tonics, too.

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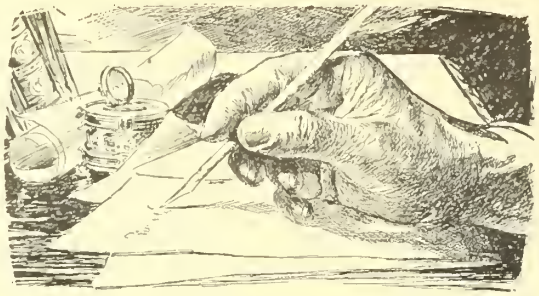

A Letter to the President

(Commending him for his stand on the supreme necessity of Universal Military Training)

I crave the honor of this slender note
To you, dear President. You have my vote
Of utter confidence in your firm stand
To train the youth of our beloved land
In military exercise, and zeal
For all that builds a stronger commonweal.
I must confess that I am dubious
Of those who hold as passing curious
Your formulary for our future peace!
It is the only way till wars shall cease,
And all the earth, with right of freemen's choice,
Serves God with undivided arm and voice
I am a soldier, too. I know the hell
Of war; the horror of the bursting shell,
The loss of life, the pain of wounded men.
Yet, I would go through all of it again,
To repel tyranny, keep free men free,
And make my land a shrine for Liberty.
I do not want another Valley Forge,
For I was there...I *know!* Your servant, George.

(WASHINGTON)

REV. JOSEPH FORSTER HOGBEN

slavia and took along with them a large number of civilian hostages for "protection." In 1946, I had a conference with Tsangar, minister of Yugoslavia in Athens, at which I requested that the hostages be returned to Greece. Tsangar went to Belgrade to confer and when he returned he informed me that the Greek hostages were being kept in a village near Belgrade and that they were being taken care of. I asked for a list of their names but Tsangar said that no names could be divulged. "Don't worry," he said, "they are very happy." To this day, none of these Greek civilians have been returned. It has been reported to me on numerous occasions that they have been put to death. I have protested to the Yugoslavian government and demanded the return of our citizens but Tito's office "knows nothing."

The communist party has legal status in Greece. The Greek constitution guarantees freedom of speech, freedom of press and freedom of association. Never have these provisions been more liberally applied than at the present time. There are almost a hundred communist newspapers and periodicals which are freely printed and circulated throughout the country. As there is no censorship of any kind, these publications are lavish in their slander and abuse which they heap on everybody who does not share their faith in communist dictatorship.

I firmly believe that should the Greek Communists be stripped of foreign assistance in men and funds, their aggressive activities would amount to zero. According to the report submitted by the International corps of observers who were present at the 1946 elections, the communists in Greece amount to not more than 9.3 percent of the electorate. This conclusion was based on a scientifically conducted poll.

The possibility of a communist coup, which has been hanging over our heads for so long, is now waning. It was greatest when Greece, without material equipment, had to fight back single-handedly against the attack from the north. Greece is no longer alone.

But the fight is by no means over. Mr. Gromyko angrily charged us with pushing the U. S. and Russia into war. How can anyone make such an assertion with a straight face? Greece would be the first victim of such a terrible conflict. It is Greece's tragic destiny to be in the crossroads of East and West.

I have often been asked by American newsmen if I think the United States should maintain a fleet in the Mediterranean. I would like to point out that it has always been the custom for the world's largest naval powers to maintain segments of their fleets in the Mediterranean. Since the Mediterranean is really the doorway to all sea communications the world over, it only stands to reason that the United States should help keep it open.

As for the friction that has developed in the United Nations with the Slav bloc as the major irritant, I think that it is the result of a good deal of understandable sparring. There exists now two large, economic and ideological groups, each claiming to be democratic, each trying to exert its influence in world affairs, the one trying to impose totalitarianism, the other using its influence to help preserve free government and respect for the individual's rights. But in the conduct of world government, and the conduct of individual governments, I think we must insist on the principle of rule by majority.

We warred against totalitarianism. Must we now exist under it, as if we had lost the war? We must struggle somehow to obliterate this scourge by peaceful means. The situation in Macedonia is the touchstone of the young U. N. When the League of Nations would not, or could not, at the proper time, oppose imperialist Japan's attack on China and fascist Italy's attack on Ethiopia, it signed its own death warrant. Greece is one nation, you may be sure, which will keep up the struggle for democracy as she understands it. No amount of bait can lure her into the Slav constellation. THE END

THEY ALMOST GOT WASHINGTON

(*Continued from page 30*)

factured to supply to some of the Tory units he organized in America in the following years.

From 1777 to 1780 Ferguson was a scourge to the Revolutionists. With the backing of many of the wealthiest and most prominent families in America, he organized Tory militia who were far more deadly than the British regulars. His path never again crossed that of Washington.

On the 6th of October 1780 the deadly American backwoods riflemen finally caught up with Ferguson at King's Mountain. By brilliant maneuver and superb shooting the backwoodsmen cornered and chopped up the Tory units, inflicting losses of over five to one. When one of our marksmen finally lined up his sights on Ferguson for the kill, the battle was over —the enemy surrendered. British history says, "The victims were of course Americans, for it was not Mother Country and Colonies, but two Colonial factions that fought so savagely in Carolina." (Actually Ferguson had about 110 British regulars as well as the 1000 Tories.)

Our fighting fathers carried the Ferguson breech loaders off with them, and today only a few are known to be in existence. Ironically enough the one now in the Smithsonian Museum in Washington was donated by a member of the De Peyster family of New York, one of whose ancestors was an aide to Ferguson.

Somewhere in the hills of the Carolinas of Virginia descendants of the backwoodsmen may still possess a few Fergusons. If you should have a breech loading flintlock rifle which exposes the breech by dropping a screw plug when the trigger guard is given a single turn, you have an antique which may be worth a small fortune. And who knows, you may even have the very rifle which for a moment in 1777 controlled the very destiny of America!

Why the Shortage of Sporting Arms?

Our arms and ammunition makers have been severely criticized for failure to meet consumer demands for sporting needs since the war ended. Much of this criticism proved to be unwarranted when the writer and Legion Magazine officials recently made an unbiased study of the actual situation.

The average soldier who saw the miracles of production accomplished during the war finds it difficult to understand the long continued shortages in sporting equipment. It is hoped that this first-hand report will clarify the situation.

The period of material shortages is pretty well over now, manufacturers generally have large stocks of basic materials on hand and labor conditions are good with most manufacturers. Indeed, most arms and ammunition plants have far larger staffs than before the war, and their average output is currently higher per worker because of improved machinery and more efficient methods. For a time

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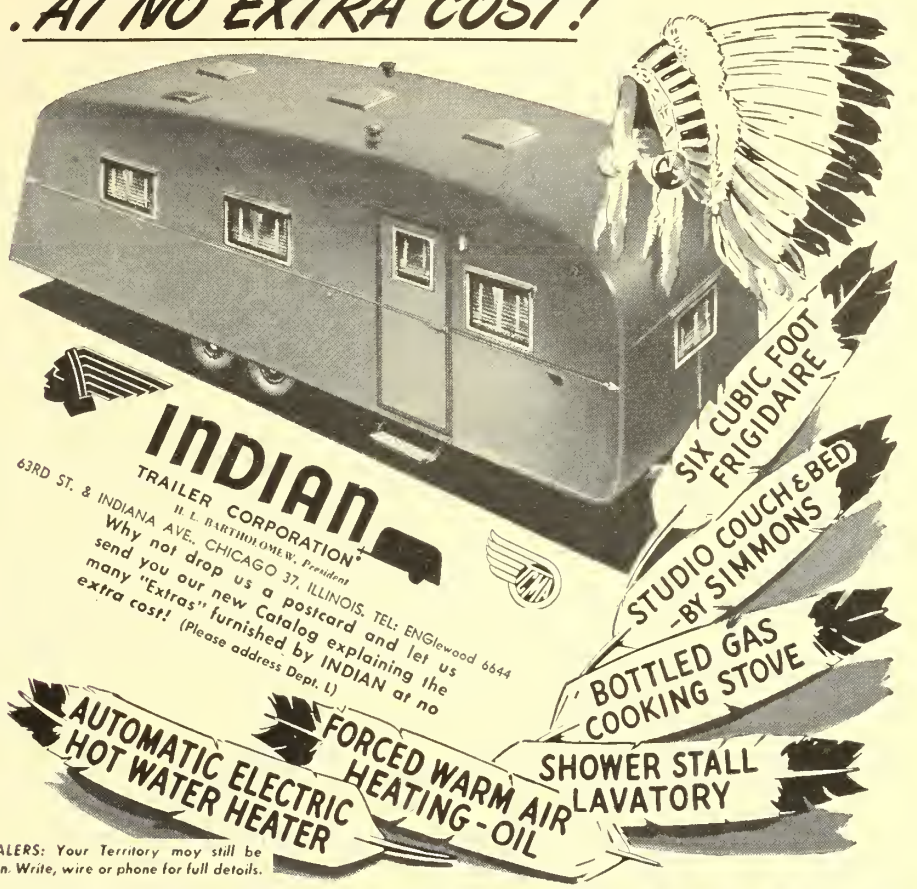

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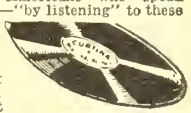
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conditions were somewhat unsettled as veterans were rehired. In general they have now readjusted themselves and are again functioning as capable workers.

Then what's wrong? First and foremost, the pent-up demand. Warehouse and dealers' stocks were exhausted during the war years when there was little or no commercial production in most plants. Today all desirable items still have to be allocated to dealers in order to assure fair distribution. The domestic supply has not caught up with the demand, and it may well be a couple of years before it will. Meanwhile there is always the possibility of a sudden military demand to fill our government commitments to China, Greece, Turkey or South America.

Countless numbers of American commercial arms were shipped to Britain during the emergency there, thereby draining off our reserves. Several million new shooters and hunters have come out of the service. Meanwhile a new group of young shooters reaches maturity each year. These factors add up to a tremendous demand which requires time to supply.

When we think of the millions of carbines which poured out of the factories, we tend to forget that besides Winchester who developed it, 12 other firms made this arm. The standardization of manufacture, of inspection and assembly of *war* weapons permits using a maximum number of unskilled and semi-skilled workers who just go through the same motions mechanically and almost tirelessly.

It is impossible to use those large scale methods and techniques when manufacturing for the *commercial* market—only the smaller companies manufacturing price items in volume for the great mail order companies can even attempt such a system.

The larger manufacturers have to produce a wide variety of models; a wide choice of calibers, stocks, barrel lengths, sights and finishes. Furthermore they cannot turn their entire facilities over to grinding out *one model*. Dealers' orders are for a variety of types and specifications, and there is a limit to what they can sell in one particular class. Production must be balanced or everyone will suffer.

By and large the finish and fitting of commercial models requires far higher skill and far more attention to detail than any wartime production. This in turn means that there are fewer qualified men available to do the work, and that their output is much slower. In the field of fine firearms manufacture there is no substitute for human skills for the finishing touches. When we think of "interchangeable parts" we think of rapid machine manufacture; but we overlook the careful handwork necessary in every phase of manufacture and assembly to produce the outstanding commercial arms for which our major manufacturers are noted.

Better be patient. The longer you wait—within reason!—the more skill the fitters and finishers will have recaptured and the better gun you'll get. In case you are interested in statistics, it takes a first class assembler a full day to produce just four good fitted triggers on first class rifles or shotguns.

There is really no withholding of stocks. The manufacturers are shipping as fast as they can make the goods. Anyone under pressure may let standards slip to meet orders. Our manufacturers are trying to avoid that. You can help by being patient.

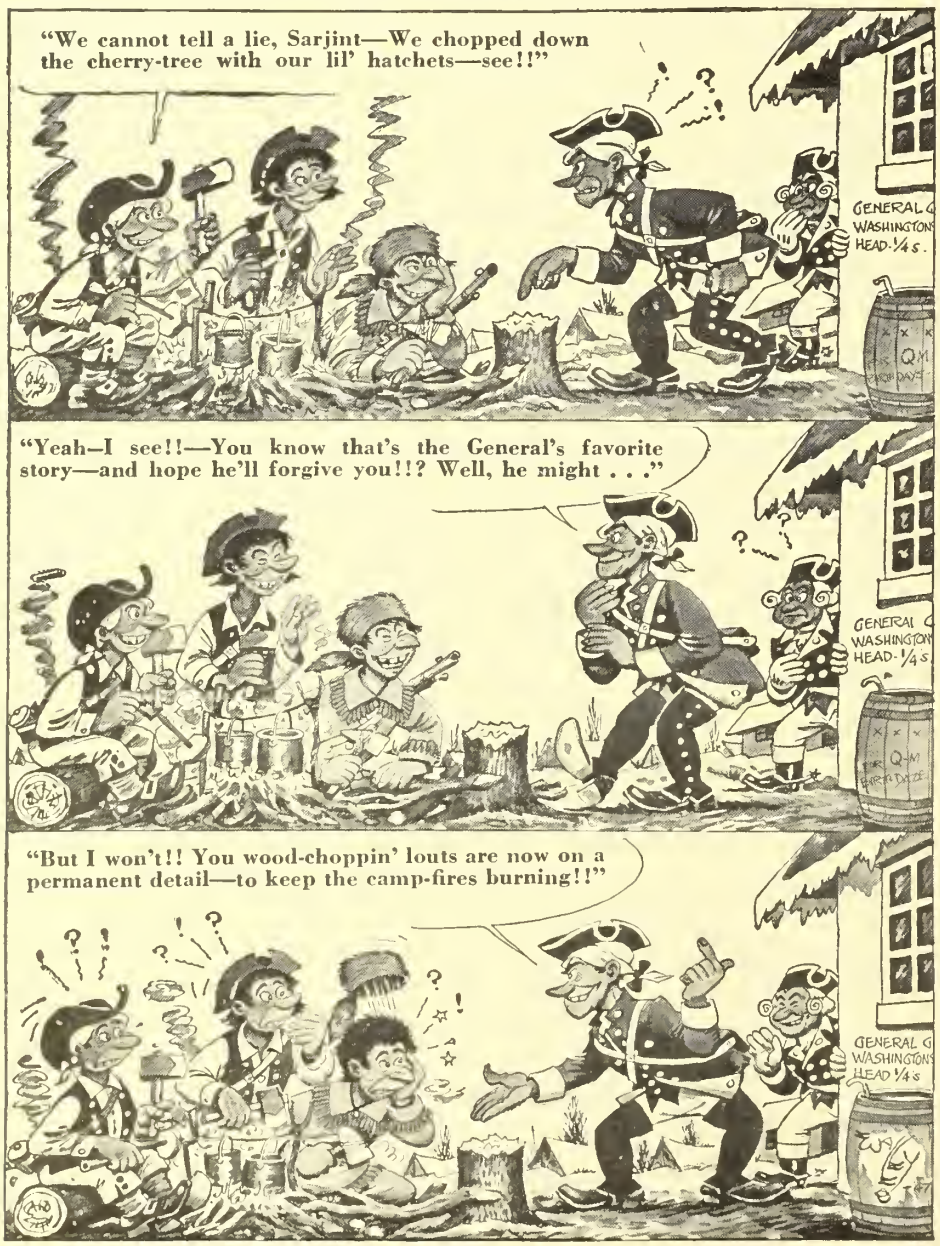
A visit to the Remington-Peters plant at Bridgeport showed a brilliantly planned system of operation which is turning out vast quantities of the calibers and gauges of ammunition most in demand. Three shifts were operating on six-day schedules. In this plant alone millions of caliber .22 rim fire cartridges were being made every working day, each one of which requires 45 separate operations. And the .22 caliber cartridges, of course, were just one of the many calibers and gauges of ammunition being turned out. Incidentally, it is estimated that more than 90 percent of this output is for domestic use.

A visit to the Western-Winchester cartridge plant showed various departments running several shifts turning out far greater quantities than ever before in their history. Here again ammunition was being shipped as fast as it was produced. The major manufacturers are certainly doing all they can to meet market demands.

What about prices? Admittedly all items are rising in cost. Materials cost more, wages are higher, depreciation costs increase as machinery use is speeded up. The consumer must stand all these increases in guns just as well as in bread, milk or shoes. However, considering the materials, operations and plant costs necessary to make guns and ammunition, prices as a whole are not out of line.

THE END

HYSTERICAL HISTORY—*by Wallgren*



HOW YOU HELP DRAW COMIC STRIPS

(*Continued from page 27*)

Laughing Matter." But Salo, who really meant the idea as a laugh, discovered the gag incensed the dentists. As a result, the artist apologized and assured the dental profession he would never kid them again.

Syndicates and newspapers have set up standards on taboos. Not all organizations have the same likes or dislikes. Syndicates do not permit artists to show snakes in their strips since editors don't like them. A midwest paper once suspended Frank Willard's comic strip, Moon Mullins, for several weeks because Willard showed Little Egypt with a trained snake.

Referring to a cop as a flatfoot will draw the ire of the police, and using the expression "Golly Moses," as several cartoonists have, will get the artists in hot water with religious organizations. Men of the cloth have protested comic strip characters being married by justices of the peace.

Newspapers nurse comics as they would a growing baby. It is an acknowledged fact that next to front page news, comics sell the paper.

Recently a Federal Judge in Newark said that "comics are an integral part" of the modern newspaper. "Consternation reigns," said the Judge, "in many households at the mere prospect of being cut off from their favorite characters, however fatuous they may seem to an objective observer. Probably more readers anxiously awaited the birth of Gravel Gertie's child, Sparkle Plenty, than that of the United Nations."

The earliest known sample of comic strip was copied from a rock shelter in Cogul, Spain. It depicted a buffalo hunt, and dated back to about 2500 B.C. The basic features of the comic strip, however, was not fully developed until the 19th century when comic sequenc gan to appear in European and American publications. Sometime in 1894, R. F. Outcault, who created the Yellow Kid and Buster Brown strips, drew his first series of strips for the New York World. He depicted the funny antics of a clown and a dog. In 1897, Rudolph Dirks drew his first page of the Katzenjammer Kids, and today, fifty years later, Dirks is employing the same formula in The Captain and the Kids for United Features Syndicate.

In the early 1930's, however, another basic change came about in comic strips. The "funnies," as they were called, and still are called that by many people today, were joined by the so-called straight adventure strips exemplified by Bruce Gentry, Rip Kirby and Terry and the Pirates. However, the gag-a-day comic strip is still popular and many syndicates prefer this kind of strip to the straight story comics like Mark Trail, Orphan Annie and others of its kind. As a variety of strips began to appear, there also developed a variety of

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headaches for both artists and syndicates from readers.

Milt Gross, creator of the That's My Pop comic strip, enjoyed wide-spread popularity with his slapstick comedy. Once he did a strip about a Jewish man selling Irish Sweepstake tickets. One buyer said: "Where do you get your Irish Sweepstake tickets?" and the Jewish man replied: "I get them from my relatives in Ireland."

To thousands of readers this was a yak, a term used as a belly-laugh. To the Irish, however, it was an insult which they could not take. And to some Jewish organizations, the gag was a gross mistake. For weeks Milt Gross spent his spare time apologizing to both Irish and Jewish organizations.

In another Milt Gross drawing, the artist thought he'd have fun by poking a gag at a union. So he pictured a doctor making a plaster cast for a patient. At the foot of the bed, a man from the plasterers' union picketed the doctor. To the medical profession this was a real laugh. But the plasterers' union fumed and told Gross to cut it out.

Even the Billiard Academy Operators are sensitive about the way a pool room is handled or drawn. One day a large delegation from that organization called on George McManus, father of Maggie and Jiggs, and pleaded with the artist to please have Jiggs, when he has to, hide in a billiard academy, not a pool room. They pointed out that the term pool room was offensive, and gave the wrong impression.

Although cartoonists are anxious for mail, they can't risk an outright request for it since they may be deluged with mail which newspapers hate to forward, and which syndicates do not relish getting since it means extra work.

Milton Branner, who draws Winnie Winkle, once asked for suggestions for Winnie's clothes and he got more than 15,000 replies. When Blondie was expecting Cookie, second child of the Bumsteads, Chic Young thought it would be a great idea for Blondie to ask suggestions for a name. There followed a deluge of 40,000 letters, flooding the editors of member papers. Al Capp's recent contest on Lena The Hyena flooded the artist with almost a million entries.

Technical errors are often depicted in comic strips, the result of poor research and carelessness on the part of the artist or syndicate. Some years ago Bernard Bailey drew the now defunct Vic Jordan strip for the P. M. syndicate. Bailey had his hero Jordan steal an airplane to make a getaway from some villains. Jordan ran out of gas. He landed his plane on an isolated field, and surreptitiously syphoned gas from parked automobiles on a lonely road. Jordan poured the gas in the plane and with comparative ease, took off for his long destination without incident. Bailey later received calls and letters from aeronautical engineers asking how he could fly a plane on automobile gas when they, for years could never get such a result.

Death is a sensitive subject to comic strip fans. Death results in lots of mail, and creates unpleasant situations for readers and artists. Before Sparkle Plenty was born to Gravel Gertie and B. O. Plenty, there was a wild rumor that the infant would never be born. Readers pleaded with the cartoonist not to kill off the baby.

When Milton Caniff dreamed up a scene showing the death of Raven Sherman in Terry and the Pirates he was deluged with mail offering sympathy. A number of letters were accompanied by beautiful floral offerings. The impact of Raven's death affected the entire nation. One Pennsylvania paper, which did not carry the strip, published Raven's death as a front page news item. Students at Loyola University at Chicago gathered on the campus the day Raven was buried in the hills north of Chunking, and paid tribute to the late heroine by facing East for a minute of silence. To top it off, Caniff was forced to go on the radio and explain Raven's death.

When Orphan Annie's dog, Sandy, got lost, the artist received a wire from Henry Ford: "Please do all you can to help Annie find Sandy. We are all interested."

Though artists and syndicates have the general taboos implanted in their instruction list, there will always be comic strips which, for some minor or major reason, will be subjected to reader censorship. Once the reader applies censorship, there is hardly anything an artist can do. In fact, it's the reader's hand that guides the artist's pen. THE END

OSCAR AND THE FLIER FELLERS

(Continued from page 14)

that so far as the outside world was concerned I hadn't even heard of places like Adak, Shemya, and Chichigof up to a few weeks before—thought I was training for the African theatre.

"Dat's var, keed," he chuckled, meshing his gears. "Vell, I be seein' you around' . . . gotta make road outta dis goddam mess." I watched a moment as he batted his snarling monster into a solid wall of lava rock.

I learned more about my Good Samaritan from an Army Engineer friend who supervised the civilian labor camp. Oscar was kingpin of a gang of rough guys gleaned from stateside logging camps and oil fields. Too old or physically unable to make the military grade, they had volunteered for service in combat zones, sans weapons. My bulldozer jockey was better known as Ironhead, a sobriquet the Pennsylvania Dutchman had earned the day a raiding group of Jap twin-engined Betties had swooped down on the fighter strip he was constructing. Caught unawares, while chugging down the strip, Oscar had been conked with a bomb fragment. The blow would have brained a lesser man than my 230-pound Paul Bunyan. He had merely rubbed snow into his noggin, roared defiance and carried on his job.

But he wasn't so hard. I caught him bullying our PX sergeant, no inconsequential matter, into selling him whole weeks' rations of candy bars and cigarets so he could visit the various base hospitals to dispense a little cheer. The story was that Ironhead felt his civilian status keenly, especially the business of collecting big wages.

"Flier fellers" were his pets. His favorite pastime was to visit our quarters at night to listen to the gab and tell tales. Not nosey, you understand. He knew his security discipline as well as we did; and whenever our talk would get around to operational stuff he would lurch to his huge feet and shove off with a wave of his ham-like hands.

Many the stormy night in that bleak winter of '43, we would hear a lusty thumping at the door and a long, "Hallll-ooooo!" from Ironhead. Shaking the snow from his shoulders like a gigantic bear, he would enter with a barracks-bag load of canned beer and hard-to-get cheese and crackers.

The joint would rock when Ironhead was around. One night he appeared with a battered portable phonograph and stack of tired records. Won, he said, in a poker game.

"Now ve haff moosic all time . . . makes cheerier, hein?"

He would tend the phonograph, stomping furiously with his shoepacs, and lending a robust basso profundo to our singing. That was how we learned that he had been in World War I. He would inevitably lead us into songs like, "Smile the While" and "K-k-katy." The latter was his favorite.

"Goddam," he roared one night. "Dot K-k-katy song reminds me uff goot times, long ago. I vas at Camp Mills, on Long Island, ven de Rainbow Diwision vos actiwated . . . ustter go vid gurl in Freeport . . . her old man own fish boat." He paused to swig a beer. "Maybe if'n one dem Alabama boys in outfit didn't cut me oudt I'd be scoopin' up glams an' grabs, now, instead uff Aleutian tundra." He roared at the recollection.

Not long after that he qualified his statement about being in the big show of '17. He happened to come elattering down the strip one bleak morning as we were inspecting a new model Mitchell bomber which had been equipped with a 75-millimeter nose gun. We looked up as Ironhead's cat ground to a screeching halt. "Alleryesus!" he exclaimed, getting down heavily from his perch for a closer look

at the revamped ship. "Vat don' dey t'ink uff next? Iss you goddam loonies gonna fly dat t'ing aroun' in air?"

"Why, shore, Ironhead," drawled our ordnance man. "The big wheels aren't satisfied with our skip bombing and they figure a few slugs from this gimmick will silence those bothersome batteries around Kiska Harbor."

Ironhead fondled the ugly snout of the cannon reflectively, then spoke. "Good ol' soixante-dix et cinq, de Frogs useter call 'em. Ve show dose guys how to really fire diss piece . . . fast . . . goddam near boin off barrels at St. Mihiel salient."

"You were an artilleryman, Ironhead?" brightened our bombardier. "I'm supposed to hand load this thing while we're deck-leveling. Hows for a few pointers on SOP?"

Ironhead looked at us quietly, then looked up and down the strip before speaking. "I gotta be careful no yerk turn me in," he explained. "I non-combatant . . . can be court-martial case." He laughed boisterously. "Dot's goot, eh? Ciwilian can be court-martialed oudt here."

"Aw, come on, Ironhead," we urged. "No one will rat on you."

The big guy grinned and scratched his head. "Guess iss all right so long I don' fly an' pull lanyard, hein? Vat de hell. I vas once werry goot gunner in Army . . . am Legionnaire, too. Here, I show." He reached into the pocket of his greasy shirt and produced a much thumbed American Legion card.

The cat idled noisily while Ironhead showed us how to handle the big gun. The tactical officer assigned to train us was agreeably surprised when he saw how proficient the boys were, and it wasn't long afterward that the Japs on Kiska got the full effects of Ironhead's lethal technique. They got to hate the sight of our ships zeroing in while that big gun belched flame and destruction.

Ironhead was our boy after that. Someone willed him a beat-up old leather flight jacket, and he would swagger around the strip, sweating us in as eagerly as our own crew chief, standing by until another tiny bomb would be painted on the nose of the ship.

After Kiska was secured we threw a big binge with Ironhead as our unofficial guest of honor. He reciprocated by concocting the piece-de-resistance of the evening—dried GI apricots soaked in gin. Weather wasn't the only rugged thing on Attu, that wild night.

We saw a lot of Ironhead those days. His job was through and he was awaiting transportation back to the Alaskan mainland. His close alliance with us during our death watches had made him less boisterous, and more than once I caught him choking up when he would see us packing away the pitiful belongings of one of the gang lost in action. You see, by then we had no secrets from our big friend and he knew all about our families and loved ones.

Attu, like most of the Chain, was a womanless world, and it was only natural that we discuss intimate things quite freely, speak unabashedly about our girls and wives, and our longing to be back home.

I remember the night we were getting set for our biggest raid against Paramush. Ironhead dropped by to tell us that he was due to sail late the next evening. He sensed that something big was stirring, and sat by quietly while we talked about this and that, anything but the mission. One chap, a flight leader I'll call Greg, quit the letter he was writing, and heaved the pen across the room.

"The hell with this," he exclaimed. "It's worse than writing a will. Know what I'm going to do?"

We sat quietly, waiting.

"My ship is about ready for an overhaul. So, soon as we can fly back to Anchorage on that deal, I'm going into town and pay a visit to Western Union."

"What for?" someone asked.

"Well, my wedding anniversary is about due. I'm going to park a flock of dough with WU with orders to wire flowers to my wife once a week . . . fifty-two reminders that I love her."

A white-faced Ironhead met us on the strip the next evening when the survivors of our outfit landed after the worst pasting we had ever taken over a target—fifty percent casualties, including Greg.

Back in our quarters he groaned and pounded the table in deliberate, angry futility while one of the lucky survivors told how we had slammed into the Straits, to be met by a murderous crossfire from shore installations. One wild-eyed, haunted pilot described how Greg's ship was shot down to wallow helplessly on the surface of Kashiwabara Bay while a couple of merciless Zero floats swooped in to strafe. Greg's radio was still operating and those of the squadron trying to beat off the Zeros, heard him shouting to carry on . . . go in and smack the target. There was one final plea. "Don't forget, boys, that deal I planned with the flowers . . . that is all . . . over—"

Silence then. Nothing but the hot promises of those aloft.

There wasn't much said after that. One by one the boys left to hit the sack—maybe to think a bit. Ironhead shuffled to his feet, fumbled to extract a fat leather poke which he dropped on the table.

"Guess you fellers know vot to do vid diss," he muttered. "I von't be needin' it. Be seein' you aroun' somevhere."

There was enough folding money in the sack to start a florist shop.

We never saw Ironhead again. His transport rounded our point the next morning; and about a week later we got orders to fly to Elmendorf Field at Anchorage, for a second echelon overhaul.

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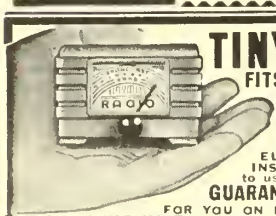

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The weather was vicious and we were weathered in at Umnak for a couple of days while the williwaws wailed and howled over that desolate island off the tip of the Alaskan Peninsular. It was still dirty when we got clearance, and the angry, green seas below made us glad we didn't have to ride them. Then just as we started to cut across the peninsula we sighted a transport close to shore. Too close. Dropping down for a better look we identified it as the transport Ironhead had boarded at Attu.

No signs of life were apparent on its battered decks. The hull had broken up on the rocks and what remained was being pounded relentlessly by the cruel, icy seas. Water in which no man could survive for more than a few minutes.

We circled the broken ship once more and dipped our wings before speeding east—a final salute to another buddy we had lost. THE END

PHILADELPHIA'S BLIND SPORTSCASTER

(Continued from page 29)

Allman drove spectators to a frenzy of cheering in the University of Pennsylvania's arena one day. Harvey Ross, the Harvard captain, apparently had the blind youth hopelessly beaten with a minute to go. Allman, lodged on his arms and knees with his rival above him, turned swiftly in a final, desperate effort. It was his famous roll, and, with a will to triumph that had to be seen to be believed, Allman pinned the Harvard man with a bar arm and chancery hold to change defeat to victory.

On another occasion, Allman was wrestling a Syracuse opponent. Some wrestlers insisted on the open style and this time the man did not come to grips with Allman. It was a come-and-get me challenge. Bob groped—his plight seemed inextricable as the crowd groaned. But suddenly Allman arrived at a decision. He heard the breathing of his rival, he gauged to a nicety where it came from. Then—a flying tackle—and Allman pinned his tormentor in twenty seconds.

Small wonder, then, that Allman was given a most-courageous-athlete award by Philadelphia sports writers in 1940. They honored him over such candidates as the late Lou Gehrig and Monty Stratton, the pitcher who lost his leg in a hunting accident and who gamely came back to pitch.

As a lawyer, Allman works unceasingly on a case and will stay in his office late at night to clear up every detail. His quick, questing intelligence will not allow him to put anything off. The most remarkable courtroom speech he ever made won a negligence case for him but it was not until later that he learned a strange thing. He had kept his back to the jury throughout the plea!

As an insurance agent for the Equitable Life Assurance Society, Allman is genial and persuasive. He frequents lunch wagons, ordinary places, makes friends with common folk and famous alike. He has an infectious Irish grin, stands about five feet, six inches, laughs about his youthful baldness and about life in general.

He smiles through blue, wide open eyes and at first glance seems to be a normal, average man with a slightly bashed nose. (A Navy man broke it for him in a wrestling match.) He looks normal and goes about his business casually but, once in a while, he will sit in a lady's lap in a street car. There may be all sorts of explanations before folks realize that this chipper, snappily-dressed young man is sightless.

Allman's outlook on life is simply this—go it alone and straight ahead and ask as little assistance as possible.

Once, he was in a subway when a man approached him to ask his help towards an upstairs trolley. And Allman did it, too, proudly and rather magnificently. For the other person never knew that a blind man was leading the blind.

Bob Allman has evolved a special philosophy about blindness. During the war, he told veterans at the Valley Forge General Hospital that joshing about blindness is the greatest secret for a blind person to learn.

Allman always puts his companions at ease by letting them see that a blind man, while handicapped, is just another human being.

When I met him in the Vesper Club in Philadelphia he scraped his hand along the side of the bar.

"Isn't this the old Penn A. C. bar?" he asked the bartender.

"Right," replied that amazed individual. It is doubtful if many other Pennsylvania grads would have recognized this transplanted bar.

Allman says that people who can see do not pay enough attention to voice nuances. He detects personal foibles, shallowness, profundity, hypocrisy and other characteristics as he probes under the skim milk of conversation. Last year a man walked into Allman's office, glibly requested that Bob represent him. As Allman listened, he decided that this particular client was shady and a liar to boot. He refused to handle the case. It developed later that the man was wanted on numerous charges throughout the country.

The zestful Allman believes that blind people should mingle with sighted folks, as he calls them, rather than succumb to the tendency to remain with old friends or other handicapped acquaintances. Of a blind celebrity, he once remarked:

"He's too sensitive. He hasn't gone out and rubbed elbows with the world."

To Allman everything in life is adventure, far more than those who see can ever realize.

"Even eating is an adventure for a blind man," he says, "you know what you're go-

ing pick up—but, of course, I don't."

Allman can tell a joke and he can take one—and he would not want it to be any other way. College men can be cruel—some of Allman's buddies at Penn would hand him a cigarette with the light towards his mouth, or advise him to go up steps when he had to go down. Irk him? No.

"Look," he reflects, "I was dealt five cards in the game of life and I have no more to draw. I'll play my hand the best way I can."

Incidentally, he plays poker with his pals in cards marked in Braille.

"But they won't let me deal," he mourns. He is also an excellent chess and checker player.

Bob Allman, religious and serious when need be, has learned to live his life fully. He attends four or five movies a year, likes pictures such as "Great Expectations" and "Henry V." Naturally, he prefers pictures with plenty of dialogue. When Bob was small and newly blind, the Allman children would all be shipped off to the movies on Saturdays. He dreaded those silent movie days—just the sound of the pipe organ came to the blind boy. He has developed a taste for good music, like the symphonies played by the Philharmonic.

But radio, Allman asserts, is the foremost blessing for the blind. It keeps them informed, entertained, aware. His own preferences are on a high intellectual plane. He likes "Information Please," "Theatre Guild," and, especially the newscasters who are his "newspapers." Allman skips radio mysteries and humor. Of humor he says:

"I like humor that makes you smile inwardly. Radio generally hasn't grown up to it yet."

The fateful turn in Allman's life occurred twenty-five years ago in his native Atlantic City. Near his house was a rail yard filled with freight cars. Some big boys climbed up a ladder to the top of one. Four-year-old Bob, always daring, scrambled up also for the proposed game of tag. His mother glanced out of the window, screaming a warning as she saw her son teetering. He fell down backwards on his head but arose instantly as if unhurt. A few days later, Mrs. Allman asked Bob to take the cat out from under the table to the backyard. He saw no cat. A blood clot had formed where the optic nerves cross. Bob Allman was blind.

Of his sighted days, the childhood days in Atlantic City, he remembers neither the faces of his father, mother, nor three elder brothers—the three girls were born later. But Bob retains an association with colors—the chocolate of the ice cream he ate, the green of his favorite balloon. And he was to remember many things of his next eleven years at the Overbrook School for the Blind in Philadelphia.

His innate faculty for making friends was his bulwark from the start. It was Neale F. Quimby of Overbrook who taught him to wrestle, a sport wherein he found he could defeat sighted people on even terms and thus enhance his confidence.

It was Dr. Francis J. Cummings, himself blind and a teacher at Overbrook, who inspired Allman to try for the University of Pennsylvania. Bob, therefore, went to a public high school—Frankford—for a year in order to prepare for Penn. At Frankford Allman finished as top man in a senior class of 800 students.

Bob graduated from law school in 1942, helped in his readings by his brother, George. He still needs readers in this practice for there are not many law books in Braille. He is so busy, what with his countless activities that have to be precisely scheduled and the radio job that he took on early last year, that he seldom gets home for dinner at West Oak Lane.

"That worries me," says his mother, "because he never uses butter on his bread and never drinks enough milk."

He never has any dull moments. He fishes—caught 198 bonita one day last Summer. Golf, too, he plays by ear. He sank a 20-foot putt as he had his caddy clink a piece of metal against the cup at Whitemarsh.

Bob Allman is the only sightless director of the Chapin Home for the Aged Blind. He now gives the annual Robert G. Allman award at Overbrook so that others, like himself, may develop into outstanding athlete-scholars. The first winner of an Allman award this season was a blind Negro. Blindness draws no color line.

Broadcasting has been the most difficult assignment of Allman's career. His program has gained in popularity strictly because it is well-planned, well-conceived and sparkling with the earnestness and wit that characterize Allman. Allman takes his notes rapidly and reads Braille with the speed of a man of vision. He and Bob Paul prepare the script together, starting on Friday. Then it is something on Saturday to watch the blind broadcaster in action.

With three minutes left in the program he is tapped three times on the shoulder. Then twice for two minutes. Then once. And he usually finishes his program right on the nose. After that he saunters out gaily and usually greets the mounted cop near Philadelphia's City Hall with a hearty handshake. Once, he says, he had a surprise—he put his hand in the horse's mouth.

Allman strolls on afterwards to any appointments he may have and his solo walking often brings him bumps. A mail box hits a blind man a jolt in the jaw, Allman finds, and a fire hydrant hits below the belt.

"But bumps," says Allman, "are the price you pay for your independence."

THE END

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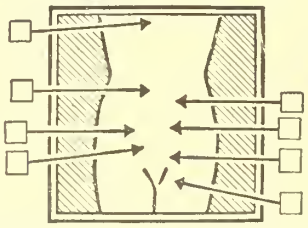

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HINTS FROM AMERICA'S BEST DRESSED MAN

Let's Look at Shirts

Styles in shirts change but little. Still there are things to look for, and to look out for, in buying them

By ADOLPHE MENJOU

SHIRTS have assumed a general pattern, and styles vary but little over the years. Look back over the past thirty-five years and about all the variations you will note are these:

Buttoned-down tabs came into vogue, disappeared, and now are coming back slowly.

There has been a trend away from separate collars, with most shirts today having collars attached.

A variation in the size and style of attached collars.

A steering away from high stiff collars; in fact, a steering away from all stiff collars except in formal wear.

And, of course, the usual additions to the stock of colors and designs.

Since the styles are not changing, what should a man look for in buying shirts? I would list the important points as follows:

1. Be guided by the nature of your work as to types and colors.
2. When in doubt, stick to conservative types and colors.
3. Give careful attention to sleeve length and collar size.
4. Buy long tails as they will not pull up and will give a more trim effect.
5. Buy good quality even if it costs a bit more. It will last longer, launder better and look better.

6. Stay away from silk. It is too hot and most silks have insufficient body.

It is impossible to advise a man as to the number of shirts he should have. So much depends upon the climate, the nature of his work, the scope of his social life, the nature of his activities, and whether he lives in a clean atmosphere or a smoky city where clothing soils in a matter of minutes. Instead, I'll put it this way: If you need and can afford only a dozen shirts, buy whites and pastel colors as they are always suitable for all purposes.

On the other hand, if you don't have to worry about your bankroll and want to be assured of a shirt wardrobe that will put you among the best groomed of your community, you have your choice of these types:

1. Soft, unstarched attached collar for semi-formal wear with French turned-back cuffs requiring links.
2. The same as above, only with buttoned cuffs.
3. Hard collar attached, with turned-back cuffs.
4. Flannel or wool short-sleeved shirt for sports.
5. More formal shirt for city wear, usually a colored front and cuffs with white collar, either turned-back or straight cuffs with links.
6. Ordinary white or pastel color shirts with attached collars and buttoned cuffs.
7. For dinner dress (tuxedo) a piqué shirt. In California, this would be worn with soft attached collar. In the east, the attached collar would be starched.
8. For formal wear, a shirt of white piqué with seven-inch wide starched bosom. This can be used with collar attached or separate. The entire shirt must be well starched.

As I have said before, personal taste counts heavily in most men's wear items. While working on *The Hucksters*, for instance, I noted that Clark Gable wore custom-made shirts with no collar band. He had his shirts designed this way so that the collar would lie flat and low. This is particularly good for men with short necks.

Regardless of your situation and your personal tastes, here are a few hints on shirts:

If you will bend out the edge of a starched cuff, it will stand out and give a smart appearance.

If you want comfort, stick to soft collars. But if you don't like the way soft collars flop down, then use a bone strip in each tab to make them stand up. In this way, you do not sacrifice comfort.

With formal shirts, worn with full dress, use the kind that button up the back and you'll never be troubled with popping studs.

If you go in for colors, stick to pastels; avoid loud colors. And match the shirt colors with the suit.

And for the teen-agers—don't ever think it is smart to wear shirt tails outside the trousers. That is more than carelessness. It is sloppiness. THE END

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  The leisure due his soul.
But when he steps out with his wife
  Or hastes to keep a date,
He still is at the Army game
  Of Hurry-Up-and-Wait

—*By Fairfax Downey*

Calling Cap'n Leary

When Fort Devens, Mass., was on a wartime basis, a captain, whom we'll re-name John Leary, was standing outside a service club one morning, engaged in a bull session with several other officers.

In the midst of their chatter, a gangly rookie ambled up, and interrupted them with the blunt query: "Hey, any of you guys know where I can find Captain John Leary?"

Whereupon Leary, as the saying goes, blew his roof. "Don't you know any more about military courtesy than that?" he demanded. "Haven't you been instructed on how to address an officer?"

The kid reddened. "Sorry, Sir," he apologized. "I didn't get any instructions like that—I've only been in the service a couple of days."

"In that case," conceded the captain, "it's not your fault so much as your commanding officer's. He should have seen that you received information on such matters your first day here. Who is your C.O., anyway?"

"C.O.?" puzzled the rookie.

"Yes, your commanding officer. Who is he?"

"Oh," was the answer. "That's the feller I'm looking for. Captain John Leary."

—*By Harold Winerip*

Degree of Success

Dean finds A's in college no guarantee of success . . . News item

A's in college, dean confesses,
Guarantee no sure successes,
All too often, lesser scholars
Garner C's and D's and Dollars.

—*By Philip Lazarus*

No Hope

The sultry August night that the Japanese decided we were too rough and threw in the capitulation sponge was truly a joyous one in Leyte, Philippine Islands. Facilities for celebration were naturally limited in that dismal harbor, yet the personnel of the moored ships made the night loud with shouting and singing. Each vessel, too, contributed to a fireworks display, the general effect being rather like the Fourth of July at a states-side beach resort.

One notable exception, however, to the general rejoicing was a little seaman who sat on the fantail of our PCE glumly watching the water. I found this startling for he, a good natured Georgia boy, had always managed a smile under adverse conditions. To find him brooding now, while surrounded by hilarity, was really odd.

"Cheer up, fellow," I said, slapping his back, "the war's over—done—finished—through!"

"Yes," he sighed, "And now I'll *never* get to see Bob Hope!"—*By John Graham*

He Said It

I'm sure the fellow I envy the most
  Is that always ready wit
Who says exactly what I would have said
  Had I but thought of it.

—*By Leo J. Burke*

Paging Ezra Stone

Early one morning in 1945 at a rest camp in India the mess sergeant stormed out of the cook shack muttering. "Where in the hell is that wog (native) cook? He's always late."

Then, in his loud voice booming with authority, he shouted "Hen-ree! Hen-ry Aldrich!"

Almost immediately, from an aged barefoot Indian trotting up the path through the trees came the answer.

"Coming, Mother. Coming, Mother!"—just as the sergeant had taught him.

—*By Tom Dillahunty*

Upper Registers

As close their connection
  As turkey and hash:
The register, social,
  The register, cash.

—*By Richard Armour*

All in Order

As they tell it now wherever GIs gather to recall the sunny side of those "rugged days," this little gem of Army snafu happened on a beach in the Philippines shortly after their liberation and as "garrisonitis" was setting in.

A general and a colonel were luxuriously sunning themselves in the barest sun-worshipper style. An MP chanced to come along the beach just then and, failing to recognize the two men as officers (proving for once and all that in the Army "clothes make the man") ordered them to put on their swim trunks, stating that, "there's a law against nude bathing in this area."

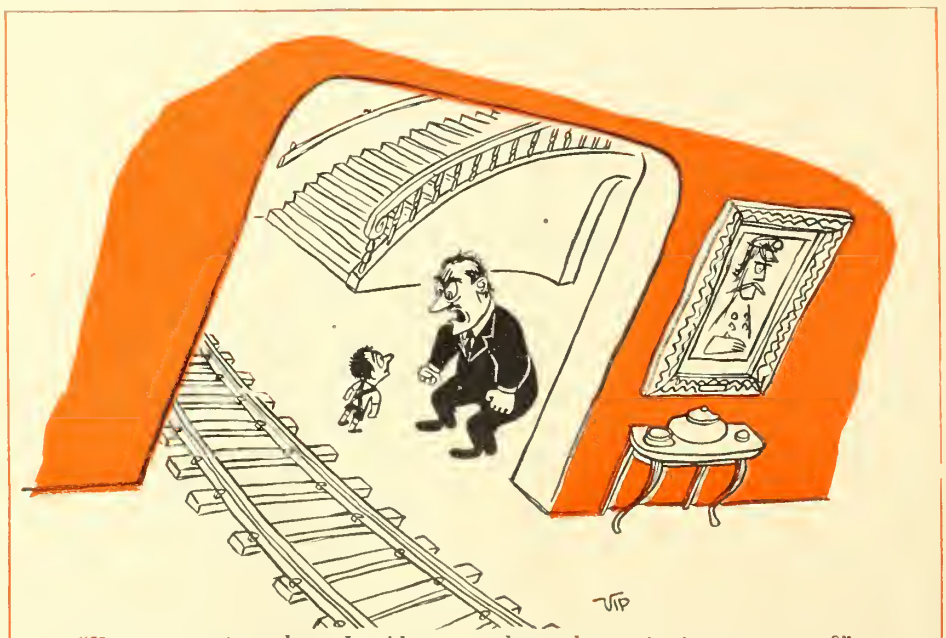
The general took it like an officer and a gentleman, docilely donning his bathing suit. But when the MP had moved on, the general snorted in disgust and turning to his partner asked, "Since when has it been against the law? This place is secluded enough. I'd like to know who handed down such a silly order as that one."

Through his sunburn the colonel turned a brighter red as he hesitantly replied, "Well, sir, there was an order to that effect issued the other day with your name on it . . . !"—*By Marshall K. McClelland*

Solution

What the world needs is a truce, the whole truce and nothing but the truce, *or* so help us God . .

—*By Pete Simer*



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